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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER EDITOR

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AT A PROHIBITIVE PRICE

WE CANNOT conscientiously join in the chorus of approval of the efforts of the California contingent at Washington in securing the sanction of the senate for a higher tariff on lemons. Possibly, we need this added protection under the present system, but the fault lies with the system. Instead of jubiling over the fact that our eight representatives and two senators have voted as a unit for every high tariff demanded by the predatory interests, thereby sacrificing the larger principle for the sake of selfish gains to the local constituency, true patriotism should incite to a discussion of ways and means that would put a stop to this indefensible practice of "swapping" votes, which causes the California delegation to do rank injustice to the country at large for the sake of pampering certain interests.

We agree with Mr. Patten that in voting for very special interest in the country in return for added citrus fruit protection, it is a grave question whether our congressmen really benefit the lemon growers. They have bartered away for a few apparent beneficiaries much more than the majority will receive in return. True, we have "encouraged" local industry, but at a fearful price. As Henry George has pointed out, "So complicated as protection become, so intimate are the relations between industries, and so many forms to be products of one industry enter into the materials or processes of others, that what will be the effect of a single protective duty is hard for an expert to say." How much more impossible, then, he adds, for human intelligence to trace the multifarious effects of protection on thousands of industries?

Reverting to the lemon duty, which has been used by the exchange of votes, that will prove costly to consumers in the end, who shall say that the growers would not be better off if all ties had been lowered, thereby diminishing the price of articles entering into railroad construction? Lower freight rates and cheaper packing boxes would more than offset the half cent raise in duty, for example. This is only one phase of the wretched system. We should like to rejoice with the growers, but it would not be an honest

expression. They will pay dearly, as we all shall, for the prostitution of our coast vote in congress. It is a Pyrrhic victory at best.

SETTING UP FALSE STANDARDS

COMMENTING upon a recent editorial expression in The Graphic, in which we contrasted the chosen activities of Henry H. Rogers and George Meredith and said we would rather have written one of the novels of the dead English author than have accomplished the life work of Mr. Rogers, one of the staff writers of the Times, in last Sunday's paper, says it is hard to believe that any one could be sincere in this idea. For his part he "would rather corner the Chicago wheat market—and make it stick—than to have written 'Hamlet.'" He continues:

A book is just a book, and a play is just a play; but it is something to have the world cowering at your feet, whimpering like a dog for fear. It is something to have your fingers on the throat of the civilized world, and know you could strangle it almost to death if you would.

It is incredible that the utterer of this depressingly materialistic tenet is in earnest. If so, it is a monstrous doctrine to set up before readers of an impressionable age. Such an outgiving is the apotheosis of selfishness, a worship of that false standard of success which so permeates the spirit of the nation, to its detriment. Mr. Rogers acquired a hundred million dollars, which he left to his family, but how did he get it? He was, avowedly, the directing genius of the most despicable, as it was the most colossal system that ever debauched legislatures, or tainted the world of commerce. Its methods were as cold-blooded as they were deliberate. It ruthlessly proceeded to its goal without a thought or a care for the countless individuals it crushed in its path of progress, and it balked at nothing contemptible or mean to accomplish its purpose. All the cunning tactics in the gamut of human knavery it employed to attain supremacy and nothing was sacred to the controlling mind of this modern Juggernaut. Self-aggrandizement was the sole object of its quest, and the reward was a colossal fortune for the official head of the system and a hundred millions for the brains of the concern.

If this is a thing to admire we deplore profoundly the perverted taste that finds in the man who, more than any other one, was responsible for such conditions a nobler character than the author of a master novel like "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" or "Diana of the Crossways." Our sincerity may be questioned by our commentator, that is his privilege, and yet we can assure him that the declaration was made under conviction, and without a moment's hesitation. A great book that gives pleasure and profit to thousands, that inspires struggling souls to renewed efforts, that has in it ethical uplift for humanity, making one forget while engaged in its reading the sordid lives of the Rockefellers, the Rogers and their ilk is God-given. Is there only the one goal in sight? Is the man who piles up vast riches by unscrupulous methods to be envied of his fellows, and the one who dies poor, after having used his brain in the more ennobling pursuits to be contemptuously dismissed? It would seem so if the Times' writer is correct.

But we refuse to believe he voices the conclusions of the discerning. He may prefer to be known as the man who ran a successful corner in wheat, rather than be hailed as the creator of "Hamlet," but we cannot believe his kind is in the ascendancy. For Mr. Patten, personally, we have a high regard—it is our privilege to call him friend, having known him from boyhood—yet we do not envy him the unpleasant notoriety he has achieved in his bull campaign. As we pointed out to him several weeks ago, the harsh criticisms he has received are the natural penalties accruing to one who gambles in the necessities

of life. He had the courage of his convictions, however, that conditions warranted higher prices for wheat and he bought what the other gamblers sold short. Incidentally, he won and the price of bread advanced. Hence a deluge of maledictions. But the point is that his efforts, like those of Rogers, were for personal profit. The world at large is none the richer for his forcing process. But having cleaned up five millions of dollars, he is more to be envied than the master bard who gave to posterity for all time the wonderful play of "Hamlet," according to the Times writer. Does he mean what he says? We have our doubts. It is a fictitious cynicism, we opine, and certainly altogether unworthy of him.

WHEN THE TERRITORY WAS YOUNG

WE ARE reminded by the receipt of an invitation from Aberdeen, S. D., to attend the Dakota homecoming this month, in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of statehood, how tempus does fugit. In this reunion of old settlers North and South Dakota are working together for the success of the affair, and from advice received it promises to be a notable gathering of pioneers who helped to make the two states. From California a large delegation is promised, this section furnishing a fair quota. Nor is it at all surprising. We have been amazed at the numerically strong list of Dakota emigres seen at the occasional picnic gatherings in this city, the attendance having increased many fold in the last eight years. That a fair percentage should yearn for a glimpse of the wide prairies, whose virgin sod they broke, back in the early eighties, is but natural.

It must seem like a dream to many when they reflect upon the healthy hardships they encountered in the crude little sod houses they called home, tiny dots in the middle of hundreds of acres of rolling black loam, the cultivation of which for ten, fifteen or twenty years went on unmitigatedly, until industry and thrift yielded handsome returns, the sod houses gave way to sawed lumber shacks, and the latter, again, to cosy, roomy structures of architectural pretensions, provided with all modern conveniences. This transition is the history in brief of countless pioneers who preempted government land in the territory twenty-five or thirty years ago. They were poor in purse, but rich in vigorous manhood, with an optimism that was unbounded and a faith in their ability to conquer the wilderness that neither blizzards in winter nor drought in summer could undermine.

Young married couples they were, in the main, who went out there to grow up with the country, and how nobly the sturdy endeavors of the men were sustained and inspired by the loyal courage, the unswerving devotion of the brave women who bore uncomplainingly the privations and discomforts they were called upon to face. Often they smiled through grief that was none the less racking because concealed, and did their duty as wives and mothers with a heroism that was so beautiful in its unselfishness that the summoned picture of those early days brings the tender tear of recollection to the eye and with it a murmured tribute to the noble women pioneers who, fully as much as their harder-fibered husbands, helped to redeem the virgin soil from the tumble weeds and wire grass until it teemed with the ripening grain. How that little center, with the fire line circled about it, was doubly hallowed by the presence of the courageous, loving wife, the patient, devoted mother!

It was early in the eighties when we trekked into the territory to publish a nonpareil paper in a small-pica town. Two of the sweetest girls that ever blessed a man's home were born in that territorial domain and now, almost with the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of double statehood, those little daughters are found fold-

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ing other small blossoms to their loving matronly arms and the rather reckless, careless young editor man of those days is transformed by the mutations of time into a middle-aged—grandfather! Eheu!

But what a glorious, half-wild life it was, despite the segregation from the softer charms of civilization to which one had been accustomed. The mad gallops across the ideal prairie roads, through miles of tall grain on either side, to an accompaniment of bird song that was quite as reckless in its shrill utterance as the whoops of the bare-headed rider. And again—

Those mad, wild dashes on the yielding sod,
Unknown to plowshare and by man untrod.
Lord! how the blood went tingling through my veins
As on we sped across the boundless plains;
In long delicious breaths I drank the air
And thought that life was never half so fair!
All cares and troubles lingering far behind,
My soul was mated to the morning wind.
I yelled to Mex and, throwing loose the rein,
A thousand fancies flitted through my brain;
No more a plodding scribe unknown to fame,
I dreamed of fortune and an honored name;
No longer scorned, I fancied that, instead,
The critics heaped the laurels on my head—
Just then, alas, the iron pierced my soul,
For horse and rider stumbled in a hole!

Those early days in the saddle imbued a fixed habit, so that the love of a horse has continued with unabated zest. When the brain grows tired and thoughts refuse to run freely, a dash up the San Fernando valley or a splash through countless crossings of the creek in the Arroyo Seco acts as a certain restorative and, let us hope, the contents of The Graphic do not fail to reflect improvement. But, O, for those long rides along the margin of the winding Sioux river, when life was young and so much less serious than now:

O, winding Sioux! O, winding Sioux!
For many a mile I've followed you;
Along your banks I love to stray
Far from the dusty, traveled way.

From prairies, bare of shrub or tree
I turn, O, sinuous stream, to thee!
And in thy leafy shade I find
A solace for the careworn mind.

In graceful curves across the plain—
And in and out through fields of grain—
With sluggish step and murmuring song
You wind your dreamy way along.

And with quickened pulse you flow
To join the eddying swirl below;
And onward plunge through rocky dells
With heaving breast and troubled swells.

Then onse again in quiet shade—
Below the stately palisade—
O'er jasper rocks you slip and splash
With giddy haste and reckless dash.

O, winding Sioux! O, winding Sioux!
Through summer days I'd follow you;
And on your banks amid your braes
I'd sing your never-ending praise.

It was cold in winter and hot in summer, but what of it? And what if the winters were long and the summers all too short! When one is in the twenties such matters are of minor importance. The wind might howl and blow from daylight until dusk, but with the going down of the sun came surcease, a blessed peace that was a balm to the wearied soul. The Dakota evenings in the early fall have not their equal on the face of the globe, and since we knew them we have tested all quarters:

When evening comes with gentle breeze
Fresh from the starry canopies;—
The flagging mind new courage takes
And from its torpid sleep awakes,—
The heart revives and trouble flees.

The soft winds steal across the leas,
The crickets chirp in minor keys,—
The owl his dally haunt forsakes
When evening comes!

Soughing and sighing through the trees
The zephyrs wander as they please;—
Bringing a cure for pains and aches,
Bringing a dream of cooling lakes,
Bringing a sense of rest and ease
When evening comes!

At this writing we recall that we had a hand in the making of the state of South Dakota. We stayed long enough to supervise all the printing of the proceedings of the constitutional convention and was instrumental in preventing the committee on motto for the new state from perpetrating a blunder. The written copy selected by the

earnest delegates came to the office reading, "By God the People Rule." The foreman brought in the proof. It was midnight and we were excessively weary. But, Lord, what a hearty laugh that reading provoked! Next morning, we waited on the chairman of the committee and gravely pointed out the danger of having the motto misconstrued and ridiculed to the point of profanity. Did not the honorable committee believe it were perhaps better to change the phraseology to read "Under God the People Rule?" The point was well taken and it was so ordered, and today that is the way the motto appears in the constitution of the state of South Dakota. We cannot be present in the flesh at the reunion at Aberdeen, beginning June 16, but in spirit we shall be in constant attendance.

SIGNS OF THE COMING REVOLT

AS AN ARGUMENT in favor of retaining a high tariff for the "protection" of the laboring men it loves so dearly, the local standpat organ, with a tear in its eye and a sob in its voice, invites its readers to heed the pitiful story from London, where "a wretched woman, recently left a widow, was fished out of the Thames," into which she had jumped with suicidal intent. In court, whither she was taken on the charge of attempting to commit suicide, which is designated a crime on the statute books, it developed that she earned only twenty-five cents a day. This picture our esteemed contemporary leaves in the mind's retina, carefully avoiding comment. It is supposed to point its own moral—of what the country must come to if the tariff is lowered.

What arrant nonsense! What puerility of resource in an attempt to scare the voter into supporting the unfair system of taxation that has been maintained for years at the expense of the many for the benefit of the few. Instead of protection as an incident to the tariff laws, by reason of the power of the vested interests, which have kept special representatives for years at the national capital to do their bidding, revenue has been made a minor adjunct to protection and the consumers have been robbed beyond compute. And the unthinking, unreasoning voter has been cajoled repeatedly into sanctioning this iniquitous practice on the ground that he was protecting his home, his wages, his dinner pail and, incidentally, keeping out the paupers of Europe.

For every dollar of wages that the tariff gives the laboring man the monopolistic trusts get six. That is to say, the higher the wage received, the less purchasing power it has. Nor is this merely theory. Every housekeeper, every head of a family knows how how much further a dollar would go before the Dingley tariff law took effect than now. No greater untruth was ever sprung on the country than that the protective policy works for the good of the majority. It is a system of fraud and deceit from beginning to end, as the people are now beginning to realize. Just how mad they will get when the full force of the blow strikes them let the party responsible for their ravishment prepare to note. With the baking of the Aldrich-made tariff brick, which is to be handed back to the people as their share of the spoils of last November, the trouble will begin, and when the next congressional elections take place watch the results!

We have before predicted that a new party will arise that will be neither Democratic nor Republican in its principles—or lack of them. The fact that seventeen Democrats voted against free lumber proves how far away from the principles of Thomas Jefferson men masquerading as Democrats have drifted. He was unalterably opposed to the idea that the Constitution gave those in power the right to tax one industry for the benefit of another. Truth is, the "vested interests," just as Mr. George Patten declared in his informing address before the Sunset Club a few weeks ago, in this city, know no party and the alleged Democratic senators, working with Aldrich, are bent upon maintaining the robbing schedules in much the same way that Gorman and his clique emulated the Wilson bill in 1893.

With fifteen courageous Republicans in the senate, led by Beveridge and Cummins and La Follette, standing shoulder to shoulder in revolt against the treachery of their associates, the beginnings of the new alignment may be seen. And

the accretions will be so rapid that almost before the party pledged to the protective iniquity realizes it, the day of deliverance will be at hand. There will be but one issue in this new organization—that of full and complete relief for the much-robbled consumers and the victory will be due entirely to a thoroughly aroused electorate, which will declare with no uncertainty for a tariff for revenue only.

HOW ILLINOIS WAS TRICKED

THUS FAR in all the biographical sketches we have read of the newly-elected senator from Illinois, William Lorimer, we have seen no reference to his dismissal from the water office in Chicago, years ago, for alleged cause. That he was involved in scandals of a most unpleasant nature is undoubtedly true, for the Times-Herald of that city, under the courageous management of Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, back in the early nineties, repeatedly challenged the "blond boss" to refute the charges. Our recollection is that he dodged the issue. It was just at the time he was struggling back into power and he preferred to let sleeping dogs lie. When Mr. Kohlsaat retired from active journalism, Mr. Lorimer breathed easier and since his chief critic was silenced he has waxed more impudent and more powerful. Now, by the aid of a hybrid legislative vote, with the Democrats' help, he is promoted from the lower halls to the upper house of congress. The price? Well, it is said he is to throw his following to the support of a Democratic candidate for mayor at the next municipal election and the choice is not to be Carter Harrison.

But if his grave derelictions are ignored, not so his virtues. He has risen from the position of street car conductor, we are told, to the highest political position in the gift of the state—a seat in the United States senate being considered of higher attainment than the gubernatorial chair—and his clean, personal habits, his domestic life—the father of eight children—his fidelity to his friends, his loyal efforts to advance the cause of inland transportation in a lake-to-gulf channel, are harped upon by his trumpeting acolytes with a sonorous flourish that reverberates across the country. This has led to a number of amusing blunders by the misinformed press, a striking illustration of which is instanced by the usually correct Pasadena Star, which finds in Lorimer's election an inspiring example of a man who is self-made, clean, honorable and with lofty ambitions. Alas, for the truth. The Sacramento Union, whose editor is personally acquainted with the facts, hits the nail in these pregnant words:

Lorimer! If there is any man in the state of Illinois who more than another thoroughly typifies the machine politician, it is Billy Lorimer. From driver of a horse car he rose—or fell—to the rank of a ward boss in the stockyards district. Then he became a city boss and a congressman. For twenty years the name of Lorimer has stood for all that was opposed to reform, all that was identified with the strong-arm element of the machine.

Which agrees precisely with our comment made last week, immediately after the announcement of the triumph of Lorimer's carefully conceived plot to gain the toga. In addition, the newly-elected senator's position on the tariff is far from pleasing to that patriotic element which sees in the sensational effort to saddle the country with an Aldrich-made schedule, a menace to the nation. This disaffection is vigorously voiced by the conservative Chicago Evening Post, which says:

In our opinion there is nothing of the "enthusiastic, patriotic statesman" about Mr. Lorimer's attitude upon this fundamentally important question. Influenced by the corroding secrecy of his old "machine" days, he preferred to make his campaign for the senatorship "without announcing his candidacy until his election was assured." It was therefore utterly impossible for Illinois to learn what he thought of the outrageous changes which the senate had been making in the Payne bill. He gave no sign whether he favored or opposed his state's overwhelming demand for honest revision downward. And yesterday, when the duty of representing that state in the senate had been entrusted to him, he had the cold assurance to tell the general assembly that the only thing that perplexed him was whether his vote would be more useful in the house or the senate for the passage of the Aldrich-Payne bill—"a bill that I believe meets with the views of the great mass of all the people of this country."

Naturally, disgust is writ large upon the clasp

of voters that is in accord with the views expressed by the Post. The remedy for the present thoroughly unrepresentative methods of choosing a senator the Post insists "is not less direct primary legislation, but more." Hence it would have not merely an "advisory" popular vote, but a "mandatory" one, and it proposes to get it in the end, "even if we have to abolish the 'cumulative ballot' under which the general assembly is now elected." Aside from the fact that the dreary and costly deadlock has ended in the election of a senator with an unpleasant past and a preposterous attitude on the most vital question affecting the economic conditions of the country, there is a general feeling that the people have been tricked by as cunning a politician as ever carried ward tactics into Springfield. But if it results in a more determined fight for primary reform the price paid will not have been too great.

GRAPHITES

Apropos of our New York letter this week on Olga Nethersole's powerful new play, "The Writing on the Wall," is a communication from Richard Watson Gilder to the editor of the New York Times, appearing in a recent issue of that paper. Mr. Gilder directs attention to a real precedent for the rascal of Miss Nethersole's play as follows:

An epidemic of typhus fever occurred here just before the civil war. Dr. Stephen Smith's recollection is that in a single house in East Seventeenth street there were fifteen deaths out of fifty cases. Dr. Smith looked up the house and found that it held ten families. With great difficulty he discovered the name of the owner, and identified him as a bank president and an official of the Rev. Dr. Cheever's church. Dr. Smith went to this man and told him the circumstances, namely, that as case after case occurred in the house and families moved out in alarm, new tenants would come in and settle down in the old filth, and so the deaths went merrily on. The landlord declined to do anything to vacate or repair the house.

Therefore, on the advice of William Cullen Bryant, the highly respectable owner was haled into the Jefferson Market police court on some trumped-up charge, there being then no directly applicable law. Here he noticed a young man writing his answers down.

"Who is this, and what is he doing?"

"Oh, it is only a reporter of the Evening Post taking notes, which are to be printed with comments by William Cullen Bryant."

"If this is what is to happen I will do anything that you wish," said the at last cowed and "repentant" landlord.

This case, notes Mr. Gilder, is known as the origin of the present health and safety laws of New York.

We congratulate the California Bankers Association on its indorsement of the plan to establish a central bank of discount and issue, as recommended by the committee on resolutions at the recent session held at Del Monte. This is an application of the course long advocated by the editor of The Graphic in national banking affairs, as a remedy for the annual currency shortage, when the crop movement begins, and a sure preventive of a recurrence of financial panics due to a scarcity of circulating medium. If bankers in other states would evince a similar intelligent grasp of the monetary situation as that displayed by their California brethren, and urge united action in an effort to establish a central bank of discount in every state the road to a national central bank of issue would be made easy. California has done well in expressing its faith in this bruited plan.

New York papers have been indulging in biting sarcasm in commenting on Speaker Cannon's visit to Valley Forge last week, when his too free imbibing of mixed drinks caused the natural vulgarities of the old standpat sinner to take the form of nauseating familiarities. He is pictured as embracing reporters and bidding them tell their editors that he "didn't care a d—n" for any of them, posing in all kinds of attitudes for the snap-shooters, quarrelling with a suffragette, and indulging in a mock sparring match with a pugilist. "Was it the rye, or the punch bowl, or the spring water?" asks the New York Morning Telegram, which adds, "Anyway, the old rascal behaved disgracefully and ought to be disciplined or kept in Washington, where they are used to his capers."

June 1 the direct primary law, passed by the legislature of California last winter, went into effect. Unless a mandatory decision to the contrary is handed down by the supreme court, which

is unlikely, the politicians will now give way to the people in the matter of partisan nominations. According to the San Francisco Call, already self-constituted dictators of the civic conscience of that municipality have assumed custody of the public intelligence and are issuing mandates to the electorate, while having the effrontery to make pre-primary slates. This attempt to interfere with the natural rights of the people the Call says will be resented as promptly here as in other direct primary states, and the would-be leaders are advised to stand aside before they are run over and injured. Electors of San Francisco are urged to sign individual petitions for party nominations, demanding beforehand, however, unequivocal pledges from every candidate in regard to certain vexed questions vitally affecting that community, notably for the Hetch Hetchy municipal water project and for unfaltering support to the graft prosecution.

Tuesday, June 1, was notable in the history of Seattle, as the official opening day of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which has cost ten million dollars to evolve, the physical beginning of which enterprise dates back only two years. The machinery was set in motion on a signal emanating from President Taft, at high noon, with James J. Hill, the big railroad man, as the orator of the occasion. Among other pregnant reflections he made were these vital ones:

The greatest service to the nation, to every state and city today, would be the substitution for a term of years of law enforcement for law making.

There are four great words that should be written upon the four cornerstones of every public building in this land with the sacredness of a religious rite. These watchwords of the republic are equality, simplicity, economy and justice. They are interwoven with every fiber of the national fabric. To forget or deny them will lead to every misfortune and every possibility of destruction that rises now threateningly in the path of our country's greatness.

This is the most wasteful country on earth in its administrative features as well as in its treatment of natural resources, and the discarded standard of economy in its affairs must be restored. The curtailment of federal expenses by one-fourth would assist not only efficiency in the departments but reforms now postponed by the task of raising and the rage of spending great sums that should be left in the pockets of the people.

These pertinent observations are worthy of wide reading and much thoughtful discussion. Law enforcement instead of law making for a term of years; equality, simplicity, economy and justice, as watchwords of the republic; restoration of the discarded standard of economy in the affairs of the country. We like these aphoristic utterances greatly.

Of great interest to the coast is the friendly, unofficial visit this week of M. Jules Jusserand, French ambassador to the United States, and his wife. The distinguished Frenchman is possessed of a keen sense of humor which flashes out in unexpected places, occasionally disconcerting the various committee members charged with the serious duty of acting as his escort. At the brilliant Chamber of Commerce reception, Wednesday night, the visitor paid high tribute to the west, especially to California. He made graceful reference to Los Angeles' marvelous growth and spoke feelingly of the disaster at San Francisco, which city he has longed to see ever since news of the calamity of 1906 was received. He referred to the sojourn of Lafayette and other brave Frenchmen in this country, who helped us in the war for independence, and said they carried back with them the ideas of American democracy, simplicity, charity and public sentiment. These influences he declared have been felt throughout French history. Ambassador Jusserand is on his way to San Francisco, where a reception on an elaborate scale has been planned for him at which he will present a gold medal to "the American people and the city of San Francisco," a procedure authorized by the French government, which has taken a lively interest in the resurrection of the northern metropolis from the ashes of the great fire. Incidentally, it may be said that M. Jusserand is one of the best liked diplomats at Washington, where he has been stationed since 1902. Prior to that time he represented his country at the court of Denmark. Mme. Jusserand is of American parentage, though born in France. Her father was one of the founders of the great banking house of Monroe & Co. of Paris.

A Fragment

The moon with beauty floods the night—

So full of peace for thee;

But I, through tears I look,

And 'tis a cross I see.

—M. H. C.

OLGA NETHERSOLE IN A NEW RC

Her "Writing on the Wall" is Heralded as the Great American Drama

"The Writing on the Wall," which Olga Nethersole is now playing at the Savoy Theater, is heralded on the program as "a great American drama." To pronounce a play great in these days of superlative press agency, before it has won its place in the proper perspective of distance and comparison, is to tax credulity, but in this case the play seems to justify the descriptive comment. It is essentially American, it deals with conditions and with a type of man American to the core, and yet it is universal in its appeal and it is this note of human interest that justifies its claim to greatness.

One writer has called it epoch-making in its daring. For the first time a great corporation has been called to account by name from the stage for conditions criminally bad. Trinity church is arraigned. Trinity church, the most notorious landlord in New York City, whose priests lift the chalice within the shadow of the vile buildings it rents for the housing of human beings, while "its stained glass windows shut out the view," "is weighed in the balance and found wanting."

* * *

The entire action of the play takes place in the luxurious library of the Lawrence home in New York. The curtain rises upon an empty stage. Presently, the little son comes tip-toeing into the room, just as he has crept out of bed. The mother catches sight of him from the dinner table and comes to him. She takes him in her arms and croons over him as mothers do and then he goes back to bed. It is only a tiny moment, and the child is not seen again, but it is enough to make one feel the love of the mother and the sincerity of the woman.

The others come in and coffee is served with accompanying chat. There is Mr. Lawrence, cold, hard, business-like; Muriel, his sister, a typical society woman, light, frivolous, selfish; Gordon, her fiancé, knowing only his own little world; and Lincoln Schuyler, forceful idealist and practical philanthropist. Barbara Lawrence has been down to some tenements she is interested in, and she has come back horror-stricken at the condition of the fire escapes. The place is a death trap, for the escapes are too rotten to bear the weight of a man. To her amazement, she finds that her husband owns the entire block and she innocently imagines that he is ignorant of the state of affairs. To humor her, he sends for his secretary, a sleek underling, and allows her to give the order for new fire escapes herself, but as Trainor turns to leave the room he gets the brief command from his chief to "paint the old ones."

* * *

The second act takes place Christmas eve. Trainor makes his report. The fire escapes look very well in their new coat of red, but the scaffolding cost a great deal. "Scaffolding?" questions Lawrence. "Yes, sir; the workmen wouldn't trust themselves on the escape." Trainor is the confidant in more matters than one. He alone knows that a liason, which Barbara believes her husband to have broken off two years before, still exists. Lawrence entrusts two packages to him. One contains a wonderful necklace of matched pearls for the woman in question, the other a brooch for Barbara. These packages are exchanged without Trainor's knowledge, and at a critical moment Barbara receives the pearls.

* * *

The action now moves very fast. There is to be a Christmas tree at the tenement and Harry is to go. At first the order is given for him to go early, then it is countermanded and he is to wait for his mother, but, meantime, he has gone without his mother's knowledge. Schuyler, who has found out about the fire escapes, comes to prevent her going to the tenement if possible. As he talks to her it comes over both of them that they belong together. He tells her of his love and she says that, though he has no right even to touch her hand, there is something in her spirit that is his.

As he turns to go, her eye falls on the note sent with the pearls to the other woman. Even then, with the evidence that will give her her freedom, with full knowledge of her husband's perfidy, she tells him to go. The curtain falls as the newsboys call "Extra! Extra! All about the fire!" The mother learns that the child is gone, she learns that the fire is in the tenement, and there comes the deadly fear for his safety. At first there is an hysterical moment, then an appeal from the power of God: "Don't do that to me, O, Lord," she says. "Don't do it!" and then the mechanical resort to prayer, a vacant return to habit. The car is sent for to take the parents to

the fire. The curtain drops, but the action seems to go on. One follows the frantic parents in their search. One pictures the scene of horror they must pass through.

* * *

When the curtain rises again Lawrence comes in, frightened, worn out, beaten. He has not found the child and the papers have learned about the painted fire escapes, and extras threatening his indictment are being cried. To save his cowardly skin, he appeals to Trainor, who suggests copying a letter into the letter book, dated a month earlier, ordering the escapes. Lawrence catches at the idea and the letter is written and copied. Then comes Barbara. She has found the boy. One hears the slow tramp of feet that can mean but one thing. She is beaten, she is done with life. Her boy is dead, and Schuyler has been killed trying to rescue a child.

Now she sees a newspaper and the letter book and she knows what her husband is. "Lies," she says. "Aren't you done with lies yet?" But even now he does not admit that he has lied, for "Truth," he says, "is only what you can make people believe." Very sadly, she tells him that when the child is gone she will go, too, that she cannot live with him again. But now he clings to her. She hands him the letter book and he tears out the letter he has hoped would save him. Repentances are futile. At heart one knows that this man is still Lawrence, but he is going to face the consequences of this one act. He must stand trial, he must perhaps face prison, and, perhaps, when he has passed through his ordeal, he will have a new outlook on life.

* * *

The play may be melodrama, but if it is, it is legitimate melodrama, and every possible thrill is wrung from the situation. Mr. Huriburt, the author, is to be congratulated upon its technique. He has managed the situations so skillfully that every development is prepared for, and at the same time the interest is sustained by the way in which they are brought about. He has made an enormous advance in technique since his first play, which, in the beginning of the season, ran for two hundred and fifty nights. In "The Fighting Hope," the situations often are forced, and the emotions unreal, but in both plays he shows a wonderful power to use a timely situation at the psychological moment.

"The Writing on the Wall" is beautifully staged. It is a rare thing to see details carefully attended to and yet kept within control so that they are unobtrusive. The play calls for sustained acting from three individuals. Schuyler (Robert T. Haines), Lawrence (William Morris), and Barbara, practically carrying the situation alone, and one can hardly imagine better playing. Truth is, one loses sight of the fact that they are actors and that they are presenting a play. These persons are real and they are playing the drama of life. The things that happen are the things that are happening, or that might happen, any day.

* * *

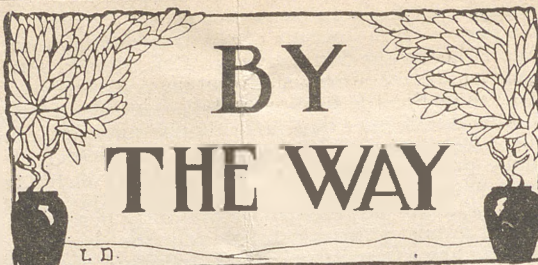
Miss Nethersole is superb as Barbara. As the sincere woman a bit too serious for the comfort of her frivolous companions, as fond mother, outraged wife, frenzied, panic-stricken creature, and as the broken-hearted, childless woman past suffering she runs the gamut of emotions and reaches an absolute height. It is difficult to say which is the greater pleasure—delight in her artistic power or the realization of the ethical value of the play.

Miss Nethersole is something of a pioneer. She is her own manager and for eleven years has been responsible for both the financial and artistic management of her plays. In that time she has produced many acknowledged masterpieces and has found herself in good company in doing so. When New York condemned her Sapho, may New York not have been playing to the gallery, as it did a few years later, when it stopped two other plays, only to allow them the next season to go merrily on? No matter what impression may have gone forth at the time, they who see "The Writing on the Wall" have now a chance to form a truer judgment and they cannot but admire what Miss Nethersole stands for in this play.

Los Angeles, which has shown such genuine appreciation of "The Dollar Mark," and the reaction that it stands for against the rule of wealth and sordid selfishness, will find another play to praise when Miss Nethersole appears there in "The Writing on the Wall," as she intends to do New Year's week. This play is so vital, so real, concerns itself so with matters of human interest that one can hardly see it without gaining a new outlook on life and a more human interest in "how the other half lives."

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 31.



Two Old Friends United

While news of the marriage of Madam Ida M. Hancock and Judge Erskine Mayo Ross came as a distinct surprise to all their friends, there was no lack of hearty felicitations. A notable wedding it was, uniting these representatives of two of Los Angeles' most prominent families, both of whom, through years of friendship, have been important factors in society and professional circles. What more fitting and what more beautiful than that now they should cement their unswerving friendship and community of interests in a closer bond? The marriage has recalled to mind many incidents connected with the earlier history of the city, and I was greatly interested in the narrative of a well-known pioneer who enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of Madam Hancock and Judge Ross several decades ago.

Early History Recalled

Madam Hancock, who was the daughter of Count Haraszthy, an exiled Hungarian nobleman, came to Los Angeles in the early days, as the wife of Major Henry Hancock. The young bride was attractive and charming and became a leader in the exclusive society set which centered in the military circles at Drum Barracks, Wilmington. Major Hancock, who was an officer of the California Volunteers, was given his commission by Governor Downey. He was owner of the famous La Brea ranch, which since has developed into a vast producing oil field. The major, as a surveyor, laid out the hills and territory immediately surrounding the original Ord survey of the early Los Angeles. In the fifties, when Madam Hancock came to this country to make her home, her brother, Arpad Haraszthy embarked in the grape and wine culture, which since has become one of the state's most important industries. It was he who introduced the tokay and the zinfandel grape into this region. Later, he went to France, where he remained four years, studying the art of champagne making in the cellars of Pommery & Grendo. He thoroughly mastered all the varied ways of ripening the vintage, and, returning to Los Angeles county, for ten or twelve years or until the time of his death, produced and placed in both the eastern and California markets the best champagne ever made in this state.

Judge Ross a Sterling Character

Judge Ross I know personally and I am not alone in esteeming him one of the most upright, as he is one of the most eminent of western jurists. He is a Virginian born, and after attending a country school entered the Virginia Military Academy. His course was interrupted by the Civil War, and in 1864, when about seventeen years of age, the young southerner with other students of the military school, enlisted in the Confederate army. After the war he returned to college and completed his studies. It was about 1868 when Judge Ross came to Los Angeles, and he was admitted to the bar in 1875. He served one three-year term as associate judge of the supreme court and was re-elected for a twelve-year term, but resigned in 1886 and was appointed United States district judge by President Cleveland in 1887. In 1895 he was appointed United States circuit judge, which position he still holds. Among the four or five close relatives who witnessed the nuptials were George Allan Hancock, son of Mrs. Ross, and Robert Ross, son of Judge Ross. After a brief stay at the several beach resorts of Southern California, Judge and Mrs. Ross will probably visit the Seattle exposition, and then, I understand, they will return to Los Angeles and occupy the palatial home which Mrs. Ross has been building at the corner of Vermont avenue and Wilshire boulevard.

Tragedy of a Barbecue

Griffith Park was the scene of two barbecue picnics last Sunday. A Swiss and German contingent with barreled refreshments gathered around one broiler while the other adjoining was in demand by the Out West Riding Club, of which Captain Hendrickson is the commandant. Not only is Hendrickson an expert rough rider, as his silver belt testifies, but as a broiler of steaks he is entitled to a second medal. Tom

Woolwine and I were invited to enjoy the hospitality of the club on this occasion, and we can furnish testimonials to the skill of the acting chef. The fact that the thermometer registered 95 degrees did not seem to discourage the appetites of the riders, although the tendency to raise a thirst was noticeable. Water is the ruling beverage of the club, however, although I detected many longing glances cast by the male members in the direction of the Germanic barrel, not far away. A friend of mine, who is from the south and whose name I would not disclose for the world, ambled past that attractive spigot three times, with all the longing massed in his face of which he was capable, but not an invitation was forthcoming. Privately, I think one of the party recognized him—his features have appeared in print quite often within the year—and the opportunity for sweet revenge could not be resisted. It was a tragedy in the small. Not Tantalus himself was ever more baited.

Tale of a Runaway Pony

Lucius K. Chase, lawyer and clubman, is fond of the open; he has a good seat in the saddle and loves to escort his wife and children far from the madding crowd out into nature's temples. For their service he provides a basket phaeton and frisky little polo pony. Last Sunday afternoon, while enjoying the al fresco delights of a picnic on the margin of the Los Angeles river, several miles north of Griffith Park, the retired polo pony slipped his tether and declined to come into camp and be harnessed up when home-going time arrived. Tom Woolwine and I rode by just as the animal, refusing to be cajoled, dashed off down the road, cityward. We both put after the little beast. Our only chance to turn him was to take the cut-off at the forks of the road and so get ahead. This feat was successfully accomplished after a smart mile dash. But liberty was too sweet to be lightly surrendered. Deserting the highway, the runaway took to the brush and mounting the covered aqueduct, actually trotted along atop of that convex surface for upward of two hundred yards, to the imminent peril of his neck and limbs, which a slip threatened. Then he nimbly leaped down, came to the roadside and meekly surrendered. We threw the halter over his neck and in triumph led him back to camp, thereby rendering the younger portion of the perturbed Chase family supremely happy.

"Billy" Joyce and the Jehu

"Billy" Joyce is back from a six weeks' eastern jaunt, in which he rested his eyes on many inspiring historic spots sacred to the birthplace of the republic. At Washington he engaged an old darky Jehu to drive him about the capital. "I've done bawnd here, sah," he told Billy, whereupon he and Mrs. Joyce felicitated themselves on having drawn a prize, and when Uncle Tom pointed out the house in which Senator W. A. Clark died and another in which Bourke Cockran passed away, Billy was sure of it, for he enjoys a living acquaintance with both. But he never disclosed his wisdom and as a result he acquired a lot of exclusive information that no other Washington guide could begin to impart. The drive that day has a red-letter mark in Billy's diary, for he was kept in a perpetual chuckle from start to finish by Uncle Tom's marvelous dissertations.

New League of Justice

They who are guiding the program that will seek to wrench from the regular Republican organization control of state affairs, with next year's political campaign, have begun to build up a machine that for real emergency service already has given Walter Parker and his cohorts food for profound thought. The projected new League of Justice is taking the place of what was the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, and we are to have in 1910 a test of strength beside which all previous efforts in the same direction were child's play. The new League of Justice has been found to work with pronounced success in San Francisco, and after it has proved its value in Los Angeles in the municipal campaign next December, its usefulness is to be extended outside the city, to every town, village, hamlet and crossroads in California. That, at least, is the present plan of the promoters. Of course, the main purpose is to wrest from the Southern Pacific political machine control, first of the governorship, and, next, of the state legislature.

Outline of Program

As the proposed program was made in Los Angeles recently, by San Francisco leaders, a northern California aspirant, preferably Mayor Taylor of San Francisco, or perhaps former Mayor Davis of Oakland, is to be the gubernatorial nominee on the reform ticket in 1910. Mayor

Taylor is a Democrat and Mr. Davis a Republican, and the indications at this time point to the success of the latter, at least, so far as the primaries are concerned. For United States senator, to succeed Frank P. Flint, the program will be either W. J. Hunsaker or John D. Works of Los Angeles. In the event it is decided to come south for the head of the state ticket, as a matter of practical politics, Judge Works will secure the League of Justice support, with W. J. Hunsaker having no opposition for the senatorship. For congressman from the seventh California district, W. D. Stephens this time would appear to be the single serious factor in next year's Republican primary. He is known to harbor aspirations in that direction and the leaders of the movement are more than willing that his ambitions shall be gratified.

Good Fighting Chance

From a wholly unprejudiced point of view it would seem that with the new primary law in working order the League of Justice is likely to make much more than a surface impression. Already wise students of conditions are predicting that the regular organization next state election probably will be defeated. In substantiation it is pointed out that in the late presidential campaign, with Walter Parker and his associates working overtime to keep control, their faction all but lost the state convention. With no further opportunity to trade delegates it will be anyone's contest, the old order having received a solar plexus blow.

Added Incentive to Office Holding

Next year there will be elected an entire state ticket, from the governor down, with an increase in emolument. The pay of the governor has been jumped from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a year, and that of the lieutenant governor from about \$800 for a four-years' term to \$4,000 a year, while the other state officers now receive \$5,000 a year instead of \$3,000 as formerly. With such additional incentive to hold office, next year is bound to see a crop of aspirants in the field, larger, and, let us hope, of a much finer fiber than the state has known in years. At this time the state superintendent of public instruction and the surveyor general are residents of Southern California, the former hailing from Riverside, and the latter from Los Angeles. In the legislature, the pay of senators as well as that of members of the assembly also has been increased materially. And next year we shall elect, in addition to the usual quota of representatives in the lower house at Sacramento, half the members of the state senate. In our own senatorial districts we shall choose successors to Senators H. G. S. McCartney and W. H. Savage.

Warm Friend of Senator Flint

Ambassador Jusserand, when in Southern California this week, proved himself considerable of a press agent for Senator Frank P. Flint. The well-known French diplomat is a strong admirer of California's junior United States senator and whenever he had an opportunity, while in this vicinity, he did not hesitate to sound the civic and other virtues of his friend. To a large number of representative Los Angelenos at the Chamber of Commerce reception, Wednesday night, the French ambassador remarked, so that all might hear who were in sufficiently close proximity, that the worst thing that could happen to California would be Senator Flint's retirement from public life.

Willis Booth Likely Mayoralty Candidate

Willis Booth for mayor is much more than a mere guess, as things are shaping themselves in the coming Republican primaries. The young and energetic president of the Chamber of Commerce is in the happy position of being a favorite with the Republican stalwarts, as well as with leaders of the opposing faction in the party. It is natural, of course, that his business associate, W. J. Washburne, for instance, should esteem Mr. Booth highly, but I happen to know that Senator Flint and Walter Parker profess to regard him with considerable warmth. Willis insists that he is not in the running for the mayoralty, and that his choice for the position is either W. D. Stephens or Perry Weidner, each of whom for a long time past has been sidestepping when the subject of making the race is mentioned in his hearing. I have reason to believe, however, that the program already has been agreed upon, but who the choice is I do not know.

Barney Healy Worries the League

Barney Healy as a councilman at large is a possibility that is making certain members of the Municipal League lie awake at nights, figuring how to retire the eighth ward representative in

the city council after January 1. If he is to continue on the municipality's pay roll, they say it shall be as a street department employe and not as a member of the legislative branch of the government. Before the redoubtable Barney was promoted to his present position he was a street laborer. He has been among the very few Republicans ever elected from the Democratic Eighth ward, and I believe the only one to be successful in landing the councilmanic job in three successive terms.

Judge Bordwell's Far-Reaching Decision

With Pasadena involved in a telephone war, indications point to a far-reaching effect of the recent Judge Bordwell decision which declares it imperative upon the part of public service corporations to secure franchise rights in all municipalities of the state, in order to do business. In more than one city the Sunset T. & T. Company is not equipped with this apparently necessary adjunct, Pomona and Orange being in that class. The Bordwell theory of the law, in the event it is sustained, is pretty certain to add materially to the income of the communities affected. That the Pasadena case will be appealed there is no doubt. Incidentally, Alhambra is engaging in a campaign against the dual telephone systems. The subscribers insist that one of the services must be cut out.

McLachlan Shows Perspicacity

Representative James McLachlan has caused it to be known that the commercial bodies of the city will have the most to say about the naming of the new federal census supervisor from the Seventh California district. The Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants and Manufacturers Association have been asked to bestow the plum where in their joint judgment it will do the most good. While loath to act in a political matter, both organizations feel that the new census requires the most conscientious handling as correct returns will mean much to Los Angeles. For this reason their endorsement in all probability will be forthcoming. In the Eighth district, including the section from Bakersfield south to San Diego, the problem is not so easily solved. In the Seventh only Los Angeles, city and county, are included, while in the district represented by Congressman S. C. Smith of Bakersfield the scope of territory to be covered is so great that to get the right material for supervisor is no child's play.

Gossip Regarding Previous Census

Ten years ago a man named Davis was given the position of census supervisor for this district. The place was in great demand, as times were dull and the pay was considered large, with the duties nominal. Davis was a lawyer, a comparative newcomer. He had the gift of gab, and in the state convention that gave to Henry T. Gage the nomination for governor it was Judge Davis who had made the principal address. That speech it was which fixed Davis' status in Republican politics, locally, and the next year R. J. Waters, then our representative in congress, had Davis appointed. He improved his opportunity by placing his wife and other members of his immediate family on the federal pay rolls, which showed rare discretion, but in tabulating the population of Los Angeles at 103,000, when at least fifty thousand more had been predicted, the census supervisor's popularity waned. He did not remain here long after that. The last I heard of him, Judge Davis was practicing law in New York. His talents required a larger field of operation.

Taking the Public Into Confidence

With the new state banking act in full force and effect July 1, several of the local financial institutions are facing a dilemma. The new law provides, among other things, that the names of all directors, as well as the total of their holdings of stock, shall be publicly posted where the facts may be observed by all who may be interested, as well as by the public at large. Certain of the trust companies and the savings banks of the city already have published this formerly confidential information, and the resultant is of considerable interest to say the least.

When Harriman Gets Ready

While a large part of the local population is engaged in placing the new union depot here, there and elsewhere throughout the city, it may as well be accepted as a fact that when E. H. Harriman has decided upon a plan of action he will chose as the site for the enlarged station the present location, at the foot of Fifth street. The reason for this apparently certain move upon Mr. Harriman's part is that on that site the Southern

Pacific already has the foundation for such passenger train quarters as will be needed for the purpose named, and that in the event the present Arcade station is not maintained for the purpose for which it is being utilized it will revert to the Wolfskill estate, which donated the land in question, with that particular understanding, duly agreed to in writing upward of twenty years ago. Moreover, when the Southern Pacific is ready for union depot operations, doubtless the Santa Fe, as well as the Salt Lake road, will be induced to fall into line.

Shrine Spectacle Netted Goodly Sum

With L. J. C. Spruance and his Al Malaikahs speeding toward the land sacred to the star-eyed goddess of Henry Watterson's muse a large hole is made in local circles. I am informed that the unique entertainment at Shrine Auditorium, Monday night, netted about \$2,000, which will be expended in advertising Los Angeles. The money will be used in meeting the expenses of the Shrine band at the annual national gathering to be held in Louisville the coming week.

Fred Hines May be I. P.

Fred Hines and his escort are speeding toward the bluegrass section, where Los Angeles this year will cut considerable of a figure in the national meeting of the Mystic Shrine. For Hines is pretty close to the top in the order and the delegation from Southern California will do a lot of shouting in his behalf at the scene of contest. There is a strong probability that when Hines is imperial potentate of the order throughout the world, Al Malaikah temple will head a trekking that will include a trip to England, in order that King Edward may be installed the first noble in an American order of knighthood, the most unique in the world. It will be another instance of Los Angeles' unique way of attaining publicity.

Sunset Club's Summer Outing

This is the season of the year when the master minds of the Sunset Club—I use the dominant adjective advisedly, the real masters are Louis Vetter and Fred Alles—get together and decide upon the summer outing for the members of this unique organization of kindred spirits. With Henry O'Melveny and John Eugene Fishburn acting as an advisory committee, the time is set for Friday, June 25, the place, Mountain View, in San Gabriel Canyon, recently acquired by Ralph Follows and the game—that is, the games, to be announced later. "It will be entirely different this year," declares Louis, thereby repeating his time-honored observation. I understand that Henry O'Melveny and Eugene Fishburn are planning to go up the canyon the day before the club outing to catch a mess of trout for dinner Friday night. Al Levy will superintend the catering, as of yore. Professor Foshay will provide the vocal entertainment, and Ralph Follows will do his best to make everybody happy. A campfire with free-for-all yarns will be the feature for Saturday night.

Joint Discussion on Liquor Question Likely

Negotiations are under way for Samuel Dickie, president of Albion College, Michigan, and Mayor David S. Rose, of Milwaukee, to debate, jointly, the liquor question in Los Angeles, at an early day. The two have engaged in controversial discussion of the subject elsewhere, Dr. Dickie upholding prohibition and Mayor Rose taking the opposite view. The latter is well known here as well as in Arizona. He is owner of valuable mining and other properties near Tucson.

Spring's Couriers

Hear you not the south wind calling,
Where the first new leaves are falling
Down the green-turfed aisles of wildwood where
the birds wing to and fro?
Hear you not the brooklet tinkling,
Where the apple blooms are sprinkling,
O'er the leafy-latticed shadows in the meadows
lying low?

Hear you not the spring's soft singing,
Down the fragrant pathway ringing,
Sobbing, laughing, whilst it touches chords you
thought were turned to stone;
Like an old love's lamp relighted,
From the ashes gray ignited,
Burning with a flame far fiercer than your heart
has ever known?

In your heart they find their answers—
Brook and wind and shadow dancers,
Bringing back the dreams of springtime with their
vibrant, mystic lore.
Heed you then the wind's low calling,
Follow where the brook is brawling
Down the lane of sweet remembrance to the days
that are no more.

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

Browsings in an Old Book Shop

In the days of my wanderlust, away off in the antipodes, on the shores of the Parramatta river, near Sydney, Australia, I met by chance a descendant of Robert Bloomfield, that peasant poet of England, whose "Farmer's Boy," published originally in 1800, won for the author the title of "the gentle poet of the rural lyre." Young George Bloomfield had among his treasures an autograph copy of this chef d'oeuvre of his ancestor, a family relic that had been passed along to the third or fourth generation, wandering at last so far afield from its initial point as to be read beneath the Southern Cross, amid scenes totally unlike those so exquisitely pictured by the poet, whom his contemporaries loved to call nature's own bard. There, in the Australian orange groves, I followed the farmer boy, Giles, through the four seasons so accurately depicted by Bloomfield, and not until this week, nearly thirty years after, did I chance to come across a second copy of the famous pastoral, whose sweet simplicity has endeared it to so many.

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It was like a reunion with an old but long-lost friend to find in my browsings at the Old Book Shop a charming reprint by John Van Voorst (1845), illustrated with thirteen delightful woodcuts, designed and drawn by such artists as T. S. Cooper, J. Callcott Horsley, J. F. Tayler and Thomas Webster. In addition to the Spring-Summer-Autumn-Winter series of "The Farmer's Boy," the collection includes Bloomfield's "Rural Tales," in which the author has told with rare sympathy of the loves and joys, the sports and manners of the English peasantry of a hundred years ago. Like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Bloomfield in these tales delineates humble life only and the wholesome, unaffected manner in which he expresses his unsophisticated feelings compels unbounded admiration. "The Farmer's Boy" is really a "bound-boy," Giles—

meek, fatherless, and poor;
Labor his portion, but he felt no more;
No strifes, no tyranny his steps pursued,
His life was constant, cheerful servitude;
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book.

* * *

By rare good luck this same week of browsing revealed a two-volume edition of what is known as the "Bloomfield Remains," being fragmentary essays, descriptive articles and other literary productions of the poet, issued by his daughter, Hannah. They present an interesting insight into the gentle character of this most amiable bucolic bard. Hannah inscribes her modest offering to his grace, the duke of Grafton, "a feeble expression of the gratitude of the family," for his kind patronage and condescending goodness. The selections and manuscript remains were edited by Joseph Weston, who labored con amore, for he was one of Robert Bloomfield's earliest admirers, going so far as to say in his preface that, "take him all in all, he has ever appeared to me to be one of the most perfect poets of his day."

* * *

Without questioning Mr. Weston's sincerity at the time, aside from "The Farmer's Boy," which for its simple, unaffected bits of purely pastoral description is not excelled by Wordsworth, the minor poems, with the exception of his "Banks of Wye," provoke a smile in these more sophisticated times. The loves of "Walter and Jane" are exchanged in phrases of stilted precision, which falling from the lips of the unlearned village blacksmith's apprentice and the equally untaught peasant maid, betray the limitations of the poet. In the main, Bloomfield's verses are smooth and felicitous of expression, exhibiting good feeling and good taste, but fire and fervor, passion and power, naturally, are lacking.

* * *

Robert Bloomfield was born in 1766, near Bury St. Edmunds, the son of a tailor. At eleven he was placed on a farm, but his puny body and diminutive stature rendered him unfit for heavy field labor, and after four years he went up to London to become a shoemaker's apprentice. In his garret he wrote those descriptions of country life which won the hearts of his countrymen when "The Farmer's Boy" appeared, in Giles being repeated his own experiences. Wholly untaught, his poetry is really remarkable for its fidelity to nature, even if a trifle tedious at times. For one whose environment was so sordid, his self-culture is astonishing. It was the duke of Grafton, following the success of "The Farmer's Boy," who settled upon the poet the sum of a

shilling a day, and had him appointed to a minor political office, which he soon resigned. Bloomfield's later years were passed in extreme poverty, owing to ill-advised investments, and with poor health added he developed great irritability of temper, although he was naturally of a most amiable disposition. He died in 1823 in his fifty-seventh year.

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It is an odd title which his literary executors gave the fragmentary productions he left behind. These two small volumes I picked up this week, alongside the Van Voorst edition of his poetry, are entitled "The Remains of Robert Bloomfield," quite like a graveyard obituary reminder. From a collector's viewpoint, they are interesting as being of the original edition of 1824, published the year after the poet's death and "printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars, for the exclusive benefit of the family of Mr. Bloomfield." As a literary curiosity only is the work valuable, the contents revealing nothing of marked interest, except the more intimate bits of self-communion occasionally met with that shed light on the author's reasoning faculties and reflective disposition. Here is a sample of his philosophy:

I wonder nobody has yet ridiculed me and my garret philosophy. Perhaps a few successful attempts would bring garrets into repute, as they ought to be, for they have their advantages: such as silence, air, cheapness, etc.

Dealing with the subject of coincidences, we find him confessing that when his "Rural Tales" were in the press, he came across, for the first time, Wordsworth's ballads, and was startled to find the lake poet saying in the "Idiot Boy":

That pony's worth his weight in gold.

Bloomfield had written, without seeing or dreaming of Mr. Wordsworth's remark, almost the same words in his "Market Night":

That beast is worth his weight in gold.

"If unborn critics," he writes, "should dispute about this, as I fear they will about many such trifles, I could say (could I rise from the grave), 'Mr. W. wrote and published his book first, and I had not seen it.'"

* * *

Bloomfield's estate was valued at £70 when he finally succumbed to his illness, and friends started a subscription to relieve the immediate wants of his family. The list of subscribers is printed in full, and it is of interest to note that the benevolent Samuel Rogers, author of the "Pleasures of Memory," a true poet if not a great one, contributed £31 to the fund, or nearly one-seventh of the total amount collected. This was entirely in accordance with what we know of the kindly banker-poet. Dyce tells us that his purse was ever open to the distressed. It was his banking house, in fact, that received the subscriptions and passed them on to the impoverished family.

* * *

As a sort of appendix to the "Remains" is a prospectus of Bloomfield's songs which the family proposed to publish by subscription. We are advised that many are set to music by himself, "some by his brother Isaac, and some by celebrated living composers." A few specimen sheets of the songs are appended in volume one of the "Remains," to show the ability of the composers, presumably, and as an incentive to subscribe. Altogether, the browsings this week I found exceedingly profitable to myself if not to my readers.

S. T. C.

MEANDERINGS OF THEOPHILUS

Editorial reference in The Graphic of last week, touching upon the romances of half a century ago, possessed unusual interest for me. By a curious coincidence, I had been trying for upward of a month to read several of the volumes mentioned, and others of kindred type. There were Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," Roe's "Barriers Burned Away," and Mrs. Evans' "St. Elmo," besides Herman Melville's "Moby Dick or the White Whale," which really is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the others, in some respects being a classic.

All of the books mentioned I had read with avidity forty years ago. And now I must digress for a moment. Those books of forty years ago! There never has been, there will never be, anything to compare with them. Among the precious treasures of my memory are the hours passed in a neighbor's attic, with a trunkful of old, discarded books—books forgotten save for the mere fact of their existence.

* * *

The housewife was kind in her permission. I could sneak up into the attic whenever I chose, and many were the mysterious disappearances of

Theophilus. Though temporary, they were at times prolonged beyond the twilight hour of doing the chores. Whereof trouble arose. But let that pass. The kind neighbor wanted to aid me in improving my mind. Even at that early period, she had discovered what she termed the literary bent of my mind, and she believed thoroughly that reading maketh the full man.

It did not occur to her to ascertain the character of the mental pabulum contained in the old trunk, and I have never told—until now. There was biography—the lives of Jack Sheppard and of Dick Turpin and their forebears and successors; there was history—of bloody pirates who sailed the southern seas, buried treasure, and who were profound experts in the gentle art of teaching others how to walk the plank; there were romances, published by Beadle and Munro; the sciences of scouting and scalping were entered into with enthusiasm if not discrimination. And there I browsed and dreamed away the speeding hours.

* * *

Did this course of reading do me harm? I do not know. I am not the best qualified to judge. I can only say that I never sailed in southern latitudes, never relieved a lone traveler of his purse, never scalped any of my fellow citizens, nor induced any to walk the plank.

To get back to the initial subject, I think the catholicity of my reading bent was fully proved by the fact that I read "St. Elmo" and "Barriers Burned Away" and "Scottish Chiefs" with the same avidity that characterized the perusal of "Dick Turpin." I will even confess that I read the whole of "Josephus," incredible as it may seem, including the "Antiquities" and "Wars of the Jews." And, by the way, if you have ever read "Josephus," likewise the Bible, you have been amazed at—but here I am branching off and straying away again. Let "Josephus" be another story.

* * *

Anyhow, I could not read "St. Elmo" and others of the same class, forty years after. They put me to sleep; their prigs and priggesses aroused my choler; the stilted phrasing inclined me to weariness; and I presume nearly everyone else today would say the same. And who read the Hundred Best Books, anyway? Not you, Mr. Editor, though you prate learnedly of them; nor any one.

But there surely has been a great change in the habit and preference of reading. I don't believe it has been altogether for the worse, taken as a whole. And now, take up the cudgels if you will! And may the devil take the hindmost, metaphorically and Pickwickianly speaking.

THEOPHILUS.

My Shibboleth

Of every thought and every dream
Thy presence is the central theme;
In all I do,
And all I seem,
This is the thought supreme:
I love you!

At morning watch and evening hour
I still am subject to thy power;
Though great or few
My hopes must flower
In this, my refuge tower,—
I love you!

Though Time should cease and earth decay
Though sense should fail or pass away,
Still would I woo,
And love for aye
Still hold this thought away—
I love you!

—HOMER SCOTT.

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Late in May, almost forty years ago, three tiny weather- and river-proof boats, the "Emma Dean," the "Canonita" and the "Nellie Powell," respectively, bearing bravely their burdens composed of eleven, strong purposeful men, provisions for several months' campaigning in a wild, unconquerable region, instruments for scientific research and proudly bedecked by the Stars and Stripes, emblem of the great nation responsible for the undertaking, yet given bon voyage by but a handful of American citizens, glided into the waters of the Green river at a point in Wyoming where the Union Pacific crosses the Green-Colorado river. It is the narrative of this second Powell expedition down the tempestuous and marvelous stream through a then unknown canyon region to the Virgin river country beyond the Grand canyon in Arizona that Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, than whom there is none better fitted or more capable for the task, has given in his fascinating new book, "A Canyon Voyage." Complementing a former volume, by the same author, "The Romance of the Colorado River," "telling of the discovery and explorations from 1840 to the present time with particular reference" to the two most noteworthy voyages through the magnificent wilderness marking the line of canyons, a broad and intimate knowledge is brought easily and pleasantly within reach.

Major John Wesley Powell, to whom belongs the honor of being the first to meet the unknown and terrifying dangers of a descent of the river, in 1869, from Wyoming to the south of the Virginia river in Nevada, on to the sea, an expedition while widespread in its importance to the world of science yet more in the nature of a private enterprise, was the intrepid spirit that directed this inquiry on the part of the United States through congress and under the direction of the Smithsonian institution, into the character of this hitherto unmapped and mysteriously forbidding realm of beauty. Other members of this rather extraordinary and gallant company become familiarly known to the reader as "Major" (Powell), chief geologist and director, "Jones" (S. V.), "Lock" (Hillers, afterward photographer, and "Fred" (S. Dellenbaugh), artist and afterward assistant topographer, leading in the boat "Emma Dean," "Prof." (A. H. Thompson), "Steward" (J. F.), assistant geologist, "Cap." (F. M. Bishop), and "Frank" (Richardson), who bade farewell to the party at an early stage of the journey before the entry of Lodore, following in the "Nellie Powell," while "Andy" (otherwise, Andrew Hattan), the culinary artist, "Clem" (Clement Powell), the assistant photographer, closed the procession in the "Canonita." All men of brains, and rare courage and congeniality, what was wrought often with bodily fatigue verging upon suffering sounds for the most part like a holiday lark.

Entering flaming gorge, the gateway to the whole grand series, through Horseshoe canyon and Kingfisher, the first ten miles of river are easily conquered by floating and steering, running rapids and by means of portages and "let-downs," auguring auspiciously for success. The manner of river navigation in this instance is more interesting than fiction and with slight variation and increasing difficulty continues typical of the going. In Lodore canyon a most forbidding portion of river is encountered; a characteristic bit of description worthy of quotation containing a hint of the character of the men is from this locality:

About a half a mile below this we were confronted by one of the worst looking places we had yet seen, and at the suggestion of Steward it received the significant name of "Hell's Half Mile." The entire river for more than half a mile was one sheet of white foam. There was not a quiet spot in the whole distance, and the water plunged and pounded in its fierce descent and sent up a deafening roar. The only way one could be heard was to yell with full lung power. . . . Having to build a trail in some places in order to carry the goods across ridges and boulders, it was not alone the work on lowering the boats which delayed us. While we were absorbed in these operations the camp fire of the morning in some way spread unperceived into the thick sage-brush and cedars which covered the point, and we vacated the place none too soon, for the flames were leaping high, and by the time we had finished our dinner at the

foot of the rapid, the point that we had so recently left was a horrible furnace. The fire was jumping and playing amidst dense smoke which rolled a mighty column, a thousand feet it seemed to me; that is over 3,000 feet into the tranquil air. Evening was drawing on and every man was feeling somewhat used up by the severe exertions of the day. Camp was therefore ordered at the head of this rapid in the midst of scenery that has probably as great beauty, picturesqueness and grandeur as any to be found in the whole west. I hardly know how to describe it. All day long the surroundings had been on a superlative scale and words seem colorless and futile. The precipices on both sides, about 2,200 feet high, conveyed the impression of being almost vertical. Our camp was several hundred yards from the rapid and we could talk with some comfort. After supper I wandered alone down beside the furiously plunging waters and came upon a brood of young magpies airing themselves on the sand. The roar of the fall prevented their hearing and I walked among them, picked one up and took it to camp to show their conicality, when I let it go back to the rendezvous. I was censured by the major for cruelty to animals.

With the exception of the Grand canyon, including Marble canyon, this appears the most difficult and dangerous as well as most beautiful canyon passed and is Colorado's portion. A pleasant memory from the next of the series, Yampa canyon, was a row up the river.

Leaving Colorado at Whirlpool canyon, a space of comparatively peaceful sailing is granted without accident to the Canyon of Desolation, and signs of former Indian occupation, probably Shinumo, in pictographs, arrowheads and other remnants are found, with here and there indications of the previous explorers or other adventurers, often grim and tragic. At Fort Robideau, interesting because of Escalante's memorable crossing of the river at this point, for a space, then on through Cataract, Labyrinth, Coal, Mound canyons and a score more, past San Rafael, the San Juan and Music temple—mausoleum to the ill-fated ones of the former party—through the Canyon of Desolation successfully they toil.

To attempt to enumerate and catalogue names and places and to essay description of points of interest or to make comparisons were folly, from so rich a field, and fortunately not within the province of the reviewer. With the coming of Captain Dodds and two companions with rations to the appointed place, the "Tirtan Agiles" go on to the mouth of the Paria, cache boats, and remaining provisions, and start with the pack train to Kanab, Nov. 6, to go into winter camp. Henceforth the operations are on land, and a busy winter is passed surveying, geologizing, visiting the Indian tribes and in trips of exploration. While the greater part of the book is devoted to the upper river, not less interesting is the account of winter camp at Kanab, where Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Powell with her baby daughter but three months old, and the Mormon neighbors brought the comforts of home to the invincible ten and where history of an important character was being enacted.

Springtime reveals seven of the original party, Beaman, Cap and Steward finding the experiences of the trip thus far too strenuous to weather the additional hardships of what now seemed well-nigh hopeless. After a little delay, occasioned by the marshaling of forces and supplies, recovering and preparing the boats for the start, the walls of Marble canyon, the straightest, deepest and narrowest yet encountered, swallow up the two little boats, but not one of the "Agiles" lived to regret the resolution that spurred to this last mighty feat. The increasing terrors and dangers are graphically and simply told, and the "Sackdologer of the World"—the major's name for the Grand canyon—where the "Emma Dean" all but lost her gallant crew for eternity in the terrific rapids, and the escape from the "death trap" caused by the rapidly rising waters, come as a climax to the already full list of adventures recounted.

(Charming in its simplicity and informality of narration there is the highest literary merit that will appeal to the general reader and to the scholar alike, while a careful indexing makes it valuable as a reference book. But why so good a westerner as Mr. Dellenbaugh should insist on spelling bronco with an "h" and wagon with two "g's" are yet to be explained. Fifty artistic illustrations, several in colors by the author, but mostly photographs, and maps, complete this invaluable and entertaining account of exploration which every patriotic American will greet with pride and admiration. ("A Canyon Voyage." By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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Magazines of the Month

Lippincott's for June has for its complete story, "The Royal Line," by Grace M. Cooke, an entertaining romance of the court of Waldavia, in which the ready wit of the heroine plays an important part. "Temperament" is the story of an actress, a boy and a train wreck, by Eleanor Mercein Kelly. Other good fiction is by Owen Oliver, Augusta Kortrecht, Will Levington Comfort, Thomas L. Masson, Alice Louise Lee and Meta Russell McCallum. The second of the Ouida papers, "The Woman Problem," is a feature of the current number.

Baseball, the national game; heroes of the diamond and the crucial moments of great matches are told of by Hugh S. Fullerton in the American Magazine for June, and is illustrated with photographs of many of the well-known players. Ray Stannard Baker's contribution is an article on "The Godlessness of New York." Another paper in serious vein is by Ida M. Tarbell on "Where the Shoe is Pinched," a continuation of her instructive tariff articles. F. P. Dunne gives the reader "Mr. Dooley on Woman's Suffrage." Fiction is contributed by Mary Heaton Vorse, James Oppenheim, Rupert Hughes, and Harris Merton Lyon. The "Letters from G. G." are continued and installments are given from the serial story "Margarita's Soul," by Ingraham Lovell.

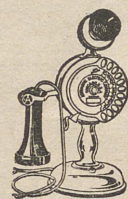
With summer at hand, "Country Life in America," with its pictorial featuring of outdoor pastimes, is especially entertaining. Appealingly cool are the photographed Sierras with their white caps, the sequestered glens, and the peaceful quiet of the fishing lakes and streams. The leading article in the current number is "Angling, One of the Privileges of the Modern Woman," by Elizabeth Shaw Oliver. "What England Can Teach Us About Living Outdoors" is another timely narrative by Wilhelm Miller. "The Camp Fire and How to Make It" is explained by A. Radclyffe Dugmore. "Golf Strokes That Will Improve Your Score," by Walter J. Travis, with illustrations, is given as a help to the golf enthusiast. George D. Pratt tells of a trip into the Canadian Rockies with a camera. Two or three stories of camping life are featured. Anna Botsford Comstock writes of camping in the High Sierras. Claude P. Fordyce gives a descriptive story of a tramp up Rifle Creek Canyon. The regular departments of the magazine are replete with entertaining reading and helpful hints.

Current Literature for June contains a pleasing assortment of good readable matter. Among the principal articles is one of the Taft policy and a discussion as to its reactionary measures. "The Fight Against Corporate Abuses" and the shifting of the center of action is the subject of a thoughtful article. "The Revolution in Turkey," "Beatification of Joan of Arc," "Birth of the Dutch Princess" and a number of other topics of current interest are featured in the Review of the World department. In the dramatic department a review is given of Frank Worthen's new play, "A Woman's Way." Other special articles are featured, including "A Reply to Theatrical Muck-

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Fourth of July Santa Fe Outing
Fourth of July will be celebrated in a novel way by many Los Angelans who will take advantage of the offer of the Santa Fe. A party of acceptable and congenial people will be organized to occupy special sleeping cars that will run to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and back without change. These cars will leave Los Angeles Friday, July 2, and will arrive at the Grand Canyon Saturday, July 3. The party will stay at Hotel El Tovar until Sunday night, and will return to Los Angeles at 6 o'clock p.m., July 5. As the holiday is to be celebrated Monday this year, the time lost from business is small. The trip in both directions will be made on the California Limited, which is a guarantee of good service. The cost of the trip, \$45, includes all necessary expenses, from railroad fare to meals and lodging. Needless to say, this capital plan of enjoying the Fourth emanates from the prolific brain of John J. Byrne, assistant passenger traffic manager of the road.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

Study of the programs of Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker, pianist and violinist, which will be given Tuesday evening, June 12, reveals a genuine treat in store for everybody. The work of these artists ranks high among that of the best. The concerts will be given in Simpson Auditorium. The program for Tuesday evening is as follows:

Sonata for Violin and Piano (Caesar Franck); Intermezzo, op. 118, No. 1, op. 119, No. 3, op. 118, No. 2, Ballade, op. 118, No. 3 (Brahms); Suite for Violin in A minor (Sinding); Nocturne, C sharp minor, Fantasia, F minor (Chopin); Abendlied, Gartenmelodie (Schumann); Walter's Priestlied, Meistersinger (Wagner-Wilhelm).

That for Saturday afternoon includes:

Sonata in A major for Violin and Piano (Brahms); Pastorale (Sclatlari-Tausig); Le Concou (Daquin); Tocata (Paradisi); Saraband and Passetier (Bach); Concerto for two Violins (Bach); (Mrs. Thilo Becker and Mr. Oskar Sellig); Romanze, op. 28, No. 1, Des Abends, In der Nacht (Schumann); Etude de Concert in D flat (Liszt); Romanze in F, Minuet (Beethoven).

The concert of the Woman's Lyric Club occurs next Friday evening at Simpson Auditorium. The soloists will be the Krauss quartet and Harry Clifford Lott. Miss Nora McPherson, member of the club, also assists. The program includes an arrangement for women's voices of a scene from Schumann's "Faust," with baritone solo, a work of great beauty, and Frederick Stevenson's "Dance of the Fays."

The Chicago clubs of which Harrison Wild is the director have awarded a prominent place to the compositions of Frederick Stevenson. Recently, the "Viennese Serenade" was given by the Mendelssohn Club of Rockford with great success, and "The Dance of the Fays" is to be presented in the early fall by the women's auxiliary of the same club. "The Salutation to the Dawn" (from the Sanscrit), written for and given its first production by Estelle Heartt-Dreyfus recently, is now ready for the public. The composer has arranged it for more practical use by revising the accompaniment from string quartet to piano alone.

If the pupils of Mr. Stevenson send out many songs of the caliber of those recently from the press by Estelle Miller and Bertha McCray, their august teacher and other well-known composers may well look to their laurels. The four by Miss Miller are musical, spontaneous settings of excellent poems, "Fulfillment," "The Miller's Daughter" (Tennyson), "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," "Thou Art so Like a Flower," are all exceptionally good songs. Simpler in style, but cleverly effective are "The Old River" and "Song of the Thrush" by Miss McCray. Singers will find these songs far in advance of most of the available ones of the day.

Th many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Paul will be glad to hear of their early return to Los Angeles. Mr. Paul has had success in opera and has offers to remain in the east, but nothing quite takes the place of this part of California.

Another Los Angeleno, by sending programs, reports progress. The name of Charles Bowes has a prominent place with well-known names on several programs which have just arrived from Paris. Mr. Bowes is studying with Oscar Seagle, a well-known Jean de Reszke pupil.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hosea are still in Florence, Italy, and plan to remain through the next winter season in Germany.

At the first production in England of Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande," there was fine enthusiasm. Notwithstanding ten minutes of applause and many calls for the composer, he declined to appear, though he had superintended the production of the opera. It is known that Debussy is a sort of recluse. He shocked London beyond

measure a year ago by directing his orchestral works at a big concert in Queen's Hall in a short, sack coat.

Schumann-Heink's son, Henry, who has chosen the career of a singer, is getting his first stage experience in the musical comedy, "The Boy and the Girl," playing in Philadelphia. His sensible mother evidently is in favor of his rising by merit and using no influence or pull.

In an interview in London, Mme. Destinn said that the two opera houses of New York have a distinct following. Those who go to the Metropolitan, she said, are mostly Americans, while those who attend the Manhattan consist largely of foreign residents. One explanation given for this curious statement is that the foreign element is more interested in musical novelties, which the Manhattan constantly presents, than are Americans.

It is certainly gratifying to hear that new methods are being adopted to procure material for the use of press agents. Dippel took with him to Europe, lately, Whiting Allen, who is to gather material concerning the singers and operas available later for press agent stories. The absurdity of the average advance notices regarding the artists before the public has been disgraceful, and that there are signs of improvement is welcome information.

Henry Hadley won the \$1,000 prize for the best orchestral number with his "The Culpit Fay," and Arthur Shepherd was awarded two prizes each of \$500 for a sonata for piano and the song "The Lost Child" (James Russell Lowell), at the sixth biennial of the National Federation of Musical Clubs, which met at Grand Rapids the latter part of May.

Arthur Foote has been elected honorary president of the American Guild of Organists.

Wallace A. Sabin, the well-known organist and musician of San Francisco, is the new director of the Loring Club, the Ellis Club of San Francisco.

Theodore Bohlmann of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music has composed the special music for the stage productions of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's poetical drama, "The House of Rimmon." The first performance was given by the students of Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis.

The salary list of the Metropolitan Opera Company next season will reach the two million dollar mark.

Olive Fremstad said the other day on the steamship which was to take her to Europe: "I go away much richer than last year—not in money, but in experience. I would like to engage in concert work more. There is where the artist can show herself. When I sing in concert I am not taking a part, but I am Fremstad. I think the drift of operatic singers is toward concert work."

Frank Stevens, dentist, has resumed practice, 205 Security bldg. Main 2483.

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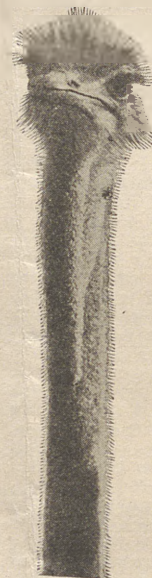
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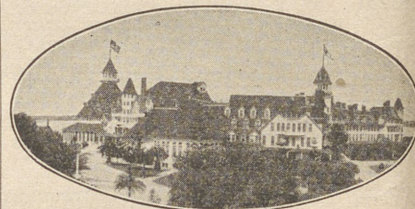
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By Rene T. de Quelin

An exhibition of twenty-six paintings by Theodore Wores, of San Francisco, is being held at the Steckel gallery. The display was opened to the public last Saturday and will remain for two weeks or longer. Two years ago Mr. Wores exhibited his canvases in the music room of the Blanchard building. At that time much of his work was influenced by a close study of Velasquez, gained while traveling through Spain. His style has somewhat changed, from the very low tones of a Velasquez. While we recognize the mellifluous, mellow, melodious strain of his present work, which is expressed with much feeling, solidly and exquisite drawing, we at the same time feel the want of aerial perspective in his skies; that is no doubt temperamental, united with a close study of the old masters. All are expressed with a splendid technique, that shows the well-trained hand. In color he loves low toned qualities, and as such is successful, his harmonies perfect, for he fully understands the relationship, their nature and suitability for each other. We can see in his accord of contraries, with the dominant light, that he is a master of color of no mean quality, and that he has the potentiality of a significant translator of nature's exquisite melody. There is always a rhythm, a movement that holds our interest under a charmed influence which makes his work of unusual value. He is always refined, with a touch of the romantic and reposefully beautiful.

The portrait of "Aileen Bauer" is painted with excellent care and study, and when we consider the extreme difficulty of a child of so tender years posing, it is still more surprising to see such good results. It is a successful portrait, admirable in composition and drawing, solid with good color, and an exquisite rendering of the child's dress.

"Springtime in Japan," an outdoor scene of special interest, which was painted in 1895, is fine in color, splendid values and superb drawing of Japanese figures; the notes of color are beautiful; a canvas of more than passing interest.

"Mission at Santa Barbara," taken from the south end, gives a view of its two bellfries from the rear, and the trees and shrubbery in what was once its burial ground, but now one of the most charming of gardens, luxuriant in growth. This scene is shown on a cloudy day, consequently is painted in a low key, but full of excellent values and tones. The composition and the drawing are all that could be desired.

"The Oaks," Green Brae, Marion county, is an extremely good rendering of those trees, well drawn, with spirit and spontaneity and good coloring of foliage. "The Marsh of Green Brae" is excellent in color and good tonal quality. "Iris Garden at Hori Kiri, Japan," is a beautiful canvas, showing a bridge over a small lake and the whole covered with the purple iris. Two figures seen on the bridge, facing the spectator, and looking down into the lake, are beautifully drawn and rendered; a lovely bit of color and a revelation in values all rendered with a superb technique.

"An Ancient Oak, Marion County," showing an unusually fine, stately tree, well understood and expressed. "Storm King's Foil, Green Brae," very good in composition, drawing and color values. The best in atmospheric rendering; an excellent canvas.

"Miss Caroline F. Brauer, of San Francisco," is a portrait with an admirable rendering of a blue silk dress; painted with great care and conscientiousness. It is the largest and most imposing of all in the exhibit. "Lotus Flowers, Japan," a good rendering of these most interesting and decorative flowers, with attractive and pleasing values.

There are two other portraits, one of a little miss with pink ribbons to her hat that is very good, fine in color,

direct and spontaneous. There are also two canvases each named "Mt. Tamalpais;" both are good renderings of that mountain, with some fine color and excellent values; painted with a sure, direct hand, but the skies somewhat lacking in atmosphere.

"Fisherman's Wharf, Monterey," an interesting canvas with splendid values. "The Marsh of Green Brae," a very good picture with some fine quiet tones suffused through the whole. "Mt. Tamalpais, From Green Brae" is quiet and subdued in tone. "A Haven of Rest, Green Brae," shows a sail boat, of the jib and mainsail type, dismantled, standing high and dry on the shore. The coloring in this is much more cheerful than some of the others. It is well handled and very pleasing in tone. There is a subtle sentiment in it that attracts and holds the interest. "California Oaks," showing strong, vigorous drawing of these sturdy monarchs of the forests, excellent in color value and tone. A good example in the expression of this kind of tree growth. "Lotus and Stone Bridge, at Kamakura, Japan," is a fine bit of color with well-drawn Japanese figures; one holding a red sunshade is especially happy, and concentrates the color of the lotus flowers spread through the picture. Its melody and harmony are both soothing and happy.

"Ancient Mill, at Arcala de Guadaria, Spain," is a pleasing rhythm in low tones. "A Street in Kioto, Japan," is an interesting scene, full of life and movement, excellent in color and well lit, with a genuine appreciation and rendering of the agreement of color contradictions, showing a true valuation of the human form in action and its importance in a painting where life and action is necessary.

"Moorish Garden, Generalife, Granada," is a praiseworthy rendering of old buildings which form the background, with a garden crowded with hollyhocks, well drawn and painted, and excellent in color and values. "Near San Rafael" is a pleasing bit of color, with fine handling. "A Garden in Monterey" is a good canvas with some fine values. "A Temple Garden, Tokio, Japan," is another extremely interesting picture, fine in color and values; full of quaint oriental charm that is very captivating.

Mr. Wores is here on a visit to his mother. He has been made dean of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Fine Arts of San Francisco.

Two enterprising young women, Miss Baker and Miss Schneider, have opened what they term the House of Travel, at 921 South Hill street. It is for the purpose of showing and selling works of art, antique furniture, bric-a-brac, rugs, and the various activities of the art craftsman. Both are filled with enthusiasm, energy and ambition for the success of their undertaking, which promises well for the future. A review of their collection will be given later.

Joseph Greenbaum has devoted his attention of late to the working out of classical ideas on small canvases, expressed in a humorous vein. Pan is one of his favorite subjects, which he accents in the drawing of the head and facial expression, making it, though ludicrous, at the same time very pleasing. There is, consequently, a healthy drollery that is highly enjoyable. Some of them he sold when just started, so seductive are they in their pleasantness, together with being delightful bits of color, very decoratively rendered. Both he and Ralph Mocine are much out in the open, sketching at Laurel Canyon; the results we may expect to see exhibited in the early fall.

One of the finest figure paintings by a modern Italian artist, called the "Madonna," which shows an Italian woman with a baby in her lap, playing with a locket dangling from her neck, is to be seen at the Kanst gallery. It is life size and a remarkably fine canvas, by L. Lancrotto, a Venetian artist who won a medal at the Chicago World's Fair with this picture. The laughing, happy face of the mother, and the complete joyousness, so full of blissful merriment, of the baby, who is lying on his back in his mother's lap, is beautiful, and exquisitely delightful in composition and sentiment; executed with a graceful felicity and spontaneous surety that is most admirable. An extraordinarily fine piece of flesh painting, splendid drawing and

superb modeling; delightful in color and with a refined and forceful technique.

Another meritorious painting at the same gallery is that of "Sheep on the Roman Campagna." It is by A. Toratelli of that city. In the foreground is a Roman peasant driving a donkey, whose paniers show several young lambs hanging on either side. The herds of sheep are bringing up the rear with other figures in the far distance. The drawing, action and expression of the man is deserving of highest praise, and so also the donkey, sheep and lambs, for they are faultlessly drawn, marvelous in rendering and texture. There is a large expanse of delicate, luminous sky that is most tender and beautiful; hills in the distance that are painted with the keenest eye for tones and values which make them exquisite; a picture so marvelously good that it is a joy to see it. This painter has gained great renown for his works, and this one is conceded to rank with his best.

Another painting, by a Russian artist, M. G. Wywiorski, is also of great interest, showing the sea coast with fishing boats coming in on the tide. Two women in the foreground are waiting for the return of the boats. The sky, which is cloudy and threatening, is beautifully rendered in a very tender manner. This was painted in 1886, and is of unusual merit.

Two fine water colors are also shown, both by Italian artists. One by P. Freteny of Rome, which reveals a rich and well appointed interior with a cardinal engaged in conversation with a handsomely gowned woman. It is beautiful in color, and in technique a marvel of dexterity. The other is by R. Muvetti, also of Rome, and shows a gay young fellow amusing himself by diverging the running water from a park fountain, thereby sprinkling several women approaching. The subject is one of mischief and amusement, beautifully drawn with fine action and expression. A most excellent piece of color with extraordinary technique. Mr. Harvey is somewhat responsible for these pictures being shown.

E. C. Maxwell, curator of the Blanchard galleries, expects to go to the desert shortly for material for literary work, which will give him a pleasant vacation from his work in the galleries.

Mr. Smith closed his exhibition of landscapes in the Blanchard galleries last Saturday. It was generously attended and much appreciation shown. The artist will soon leave for Catalina, where he will remain for two or three months, playing in the orchestra, at the same time painting in his leisure hours.

Invitations have been issued by the trustees and faculty of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, at Sixth and Alvarado, to the twenty-second annual art reception and exhibition of students' work, Monday, June 14, from 8 to 11 p.m., and Tuesday afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m. There will be a press and private view Friday afternoon, June 11, from 3 to 5.

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By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

MONDAY—Mrs. George H. MacGinnis of 1587 West Thirty-fifth street and Mrs. Hitchcock, five hundred party at the Cosmos club house, Venice; afternoon.

TUESDAY—Mrs. Clarence Harrison Crawford and Miss Clara Vickers, 624 West Twenty-eighth street, bridge party; afternoon.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. Frank Coulter, 1015 South Figueroa street, afternoon affair in honor of Miss Edna Barlow, Mrs. A. K. Brauer, 2129 West Twenty-third street, bridge luncheon.

THURSDAY—Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, 1044 Kensington road, large tea in honor of Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, Miss Marjorie Mosher, 4993 Pasadena avenue, dancing party for Miss Edna Barlow and Mr. Wright Coulter; evening.

FRIDAY—Miss Maude Howell, West Eighth street, theater party for Miss Barlow; afternoon. Annual ball of the Los Angeles alumni chapter of the Sigma Chi fraternity at Assembly hall; evening.

SATURDAY—Members of the Zeta Beta Psi, matinee party at the Belasco Theater for Miss Edna Barlow.

Younger society folk and older members of the prominent Los Angeles families were particularly interested in the wedding this week of Miss Winifred Llewellyn and Mr. John Milner. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Hannah D. Llewellyn, 226 West Adams street, and was witnessed by relatives and friends. The service was read by Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D., of the First Congregational church. During the plighting of their troth the bride and groom stood beneath a beautiful floral bower erected in the reception hall. The entire lower floor was decorated with quantities of blossoms and greenery. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white satin with tunic of exquisite net, bordered with hand-made embroidery. The bodice was trimmed with rose point. The bridal veil of white tulle was caught with a spray of orange blossoms and the bride carried a shower bouquet of jasmine. Miss Mary A. Thomas of Niles, Ohio, was maid of honor. Her gown was of princess lace over white satin, with embroidery of gold. She wore ropes of pearls in her hair and carried Cecil Bruner roses. Mr. John Llewellyn, brother of the bride, was best man. Mrs. Milner, who is a popular member of the younger set, is an attractive and accomplished young woman, and has had the advantage of a year or two abroad. Mr. Milner is the son of Mrs. John Milner of 717 West Washington street. He is a Berkeley man and a member of the Chi Psi fraternity. Upon their return from a wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Milner will be at home to their friends at 226 West Adams street, after September 1. Later they will build their own home.

One of the most brilliant society functions of the season will be the large tea which Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson of 1044 Kensington road will give next Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, the famous actress, who appears at the Auditorium Theater the week beginning June 7. Two hundred and fifty invitations have been issued for the affair and guests will be received between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock. Assisting Mrs. Stilson will be Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Miss Van Nuys, Mrs. Earl B. Millar, Miss Millar, Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler, Mrs. Leo Chandler, Mrs. W. G. Cochran, Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine, Mrs. Marshall Stimson, Mrs. Fowler Shankland, Miss Edith Davenport, Mrs. W. W. Stilson, Mrs. William Winter, Mrs. Frank W. King, Miss Gertrude King, Miss Beatrice Wigmore, Miss May Ridgeway, Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Mrs. John R. Haynes.

At a handsomely appointed home ceremony Miss Marion McGilvray, daughter of Mrs. W. D. McGilvray of Bellefontaine street, Pasadena, was married, Wednesday evening, to Mr. Orin James Salisbury Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Orin J. E. Salisbury of Salt Lake City, Utah. The wedding was one of the most brilliant of the season and was attended by the elite of Los Angeles and Pasadena. Green and white were used throughout in the decoration of the house and the effect was heightened by the use of many lighted candles. Miss McGilvray was attired in an ivory white satin princess gown,

trimmed with rare old rose point lace. She wore a long tulle veil and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. Mrs. Lewis McCormick was matron of honor. She wore a handsome gown trimmed with Irish point lace and carried a shower bouquet of myrtle and bride roses. Messrs. Irving Armstrong and Walker Salisbury of Salt Lake were the attendants of the groom, and Mr. Frank Judge of Salt Lake and Mr. C. B. Bond of New York were ushers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas E. Sherman of Santa Barbara, cousin of Mrs. Salisbury and son of General W. T. Sherman. Following the nuptial ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury left for an extended European trip. They will make their home in Salt Lake City, where they will receive their friends after September 1.

Of interest to many friends was the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Mrs. Violet Smith, to Mr. Stanley Hale, a young business man of this city. The wedding took place Tuesday at the beautiful home of the bride's mother on Cabrillo Canal, Venice. About eighty guests witnessed the ceremony, there being included in the number, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, Mayor and Mrs. H. B. Eakin, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Burmister, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Hite Wickizer, Mr. and Mrs. Clair Rundell, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Towne, Dr. and Mrs. Kendall, Judge and Mrs. Clifford Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Force Parker and others. The house was attractively decorated for the occasion and the appointments as far as possible characterized an old-time wedding in the south. Rev. George Weaver of Ocean Park officiated. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white crepe de chine and carried a bouquet of bride roses. Her maid of honor was her sister, Miss Cordelia Smith, and little Nancy Lewis, sister of the groom, was flower girl. Mr. James Hoppes Wilson was best man. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. David D. Smith, who returned from Stanford University for the ceremony. Mr. Hale is the son of Mrs. Cora Lewis, a prominent club woman of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Hale will take a short wedding trip and upon their return to Los Angeles will make their home at 2814 Cimarron street.

Extremely simple in its appointments was the wedding of Miss Josephine Lewis and Mr. Norman Sterry, which was celebrated late Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Earl V. Lewis, of Orchard avenue. Owing to the recent death of the bride's mother, Mrs. V. C. Lewis, the ceremony was witnessed only by immediate relatives. Following the simple marriage service, Mr. Sterry and his bride left for an absence of a month, and upon their return they will be at home at 2632 Ellendale place, with Mr. Sterry's mother. The bride, who is a young woman of most attractive personality, is the daughter of Mr. V. C. Lewis of Seventh and Flower streets. Mr. Sterry is the son of the late Judge Clinton N. Sterry, and is one of the brilliant young attorneys of this city.

At a prettily appointed wedding, Tuesday evening, Miss Elsie Bosbyshell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bosbyshell, became the bride of Mr. Ernest Bennett Adams. The ceremony was celebrated at the new home of the bride's parents in Oneonta Park. The house was artistically decorated with a profusion of sweet peas, coreopsis and ferns. The bride was unattended except by her father. Miss Clara Bosbyshell, her cousin, played the wedding march from "Lohengrin." The bride's gown was of white satin, trimmed with rose point. Her veil was held by a wreath of orange blossoms, and instead of the conventional bouquet, she carried a white prayer book. Upon their return from a wedding trip to the north, Mr. and Mrs. Adams will be at home to their friends at 2318 West Ninth street. Mr. Adams is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Adams of this city.

Principal among the society affairs of the week was the dinner given Wednesday evening by Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee in honor of Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand. The home was artistically decorated with quantities of blossoms and greenery. In the drawing room coreopsis was

used. The hall and the reception room were decorated with pink sweet peas and the dining room and table were attractively arranged with pink roses. Places at the table were marked for Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, Bishop and Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson, Major General and Mrs. Storey, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, Mr. Henry E. Huntington and the host and hostess. In the evening the party went to the Chamber of Commerce, where the distinguished visitors were guests of honor at a public reception. Earlier in the day they enjoyed an automobile tour of the city, calling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brunswick on West Adams street, and at noon they were entertained at a breakfast given in their honor by Mrs. W. A. Edwards, sister of President Taft. Former Senator and Mrs. John T. Jones of Santa Monica were host and hostess in the later afternoon at a small tea given for the ambassador and his wife.

A simple but prettily appointed wedding of the week was that of Miss Margaret Reardon Sullivan and Mr. Ignacius Escobar, a well-known musician of this city. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock at St. Mary's church. Rev. Father Barron officiated. Miss Julia Sullivan, cousin of the bride was maid of honor and Mr. J. J. Jones was best man. After a short wedding trip to Riverside and other nearby points of interest Mr. and Mrs. Escobar will be at home to their friends at 343 North Chicago street.

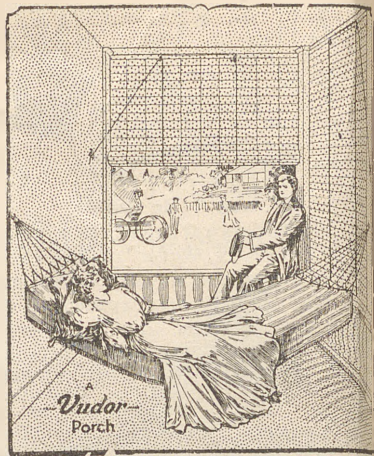
Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Chaffee will entertain a family house party at their home on Magnolia avenue for the next two months. Their daughter, Mrs. John Hastings Howard, formerly Miss Helen Chaffee, is expected to arrive in Los Angeles today or Sunday and will visit with them several weeks, while her husband, Lieutenant Howard, U.S.A., is on summer field duty. Another daughter of Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Chaffee, Mrs. George French Hamilton, will arrive about the middle of June for a two months' visit. She will be accompanied by her husband, Captain Hamilton, and their two children, and is making the trip from the Philippines via Japan and China.

Miss Edna Barlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow of West Thirtieth street, whose marriage to Mr. Wright Coulter will take place the latter part of this month, was the guest of honor Thursday at a matinee party given at the Belasco Theater by her sisters, Misses Maybelle and Hazel Barlow. Following the performance the guests enjoyed a tea at the Pin-Ton. Besides the guest of honor and the hostesses there were present Mrs. Frank Coulter, Miss Lelia Coulter, mother and sister of the groom-elect; Mrs. Allison Barlow, Misses Maude Howell, Marjorie Mosher, Alice Heber and Leah Phillips.

Among Wednesday's affairs was the delightful reception given by Mrs. Thomas Wright Phillips and Miss Angelita Phillips at their home, 2215 Harvard boulevard. A large number of invitations had been issued for the afternoon and the hostesses were assisted by Misses Stoddard Jess, A. J. Salisbury, S. K. Lindley, Edwin S. Rowley, Charles Nourse, Maurice Hellman, Erickson, Percy Griffin, Mary Schallert, James Harvey Adams, Robert T. Troy, Misses Marie Mullen, Jessie Morgan, Harriet Tail, Sue Carpenter, Fanny Carpenter, Grace Rowley, Maude Hunsberger, Mary Lindley, Lois Salisbury, Lucile Ozier and Julia Derby.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Vose of this city are planning a motor trip this summer. They will travel in their touring car from Oklahoma City to Bangor, Me., and will be joined in Chicago by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Conger. Mrs. Vose and Mr. Conger are the daughter and son of Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Conger of Pasadena.

Mrs. Frank K. Eckley and Mrs. F. D. Bradford entertained Thursday afternoon with a bridge luncheon at the home of Mrs. Eckley on Washington street. Their guests included Misses O. P. Clark, Thomas Vigus, Eugene Haskell, A. H. Koebig, Frank Hudson, Charles T. Howland, Mark Jones, W. T. Covington, Albert Russell, H. M. Bynford, Mathew Robertson, Frank Bryson, Frank Boswell, H. J. Woolacott, Heber, Lester Robinson, Andrew N. Jung, Stephen Wilder, McTasseny, Albert Colt, Will Cook, William J.



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Master Cupid this week divulged a betrothal secret when he boasted of the engagement of Miss Ethel Graham, daughter of Mrs. Ethel Graham of Ingraham street, to Mr. Philip D. Colby, a young business man of Highland Park. Miss Graham and her fiancé were planning to be married at a simple service with only the immediate relatives present, but the surprise they planned for their many friends comes now in the announcement of the engagement and not the wedding. Miss Graham is an exceedingly popular young woman.

Cards have been issued by Miss Parsons and Miss Dennen of the Girls' Collegiate School for a dancing party to be given at Kramer's Hall, Friday evening, June 18, in honor of the graduating class. Invitations also have been issued for the graduating exercises of the school, which are to take place Tuesday evening, June 15, at the Ebell club house. The senior class play will be presented Saturday evening, June 2, at 6:45 o'clock in the rear garden of the Casa de Rosas. The play is "The Wilful Princess," by Grace Atherton Dennen.

Mrs. Walter Covington of Roosevelt avenue was hostess Tuesday evening at a dinner given in celebration of the birthday anniversary of Dr. Covington. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. John W. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Eckley, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bradford and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Haskell.

One of the socially important affairs of next week will be the large bridge party which Mrs. Clarence Harrison Crawford and Miss Clara Vickers will give Tuesday afternoon at their home, 624 West Twenty-eighth street. About seventy-five guests, including the younger society folk, are invited for the afternoon, and the hostesses will be assisted by Mrs. Roy Koster, Mrs. James Roy Pinkham, Mrs. Earle Y. Boothe, Mrs. Walter L. Vail Jr., Miss Sue Carpenter, Miss Helen Newlin and Miss Katherine Clark.

Included among the most delightful of the season's social functions was the tea given Wednesday by Mrs. E. P. Johnson Jr., Mrs. Charles H. Dick and Miss Johnson, at the Johnson home on West Twenty-eighth street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Gilbert Cox Blasdel of Long Beach. A profusion of cut flowers were used in a tasty decoration of the house.

Formal announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jessie Marshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Marshall of 1120 Grand View street, to Mr. Stanley Stetman of Chicago. News of the betrothal was told at a daintily appointed affair given recently by Misses Florence and Helen Thresher, who are to leave for the east soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kimball Carter Mooers have as guests the Misses Edith and Bertha Knapp of Richmond, Va., at the home of Mrs. Mooers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Joseph Golden of 647 West Twenty-eighth street. In compliment to the visitors Mr. and Mrs. Mooers entertained recently with a box party at the Majestic Theater.

Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker today are celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and in honor of the event the women of the Immanuel Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Walker is pastor, will entertain this evening with a large reception at the Ebell club house.

Promise of an exceptionally pleasing entertainment is given by those in charge of the program to be presented at the Ebell club house next Tuesday evening. The principle feature will be a two-scene playlet, "The Juniper Tree," by Sadie Bowman Metcalfe. The sketch is of the real western life and the scenes are laid in a typical desert camp. The first presentation was given for the Berkeley Elks and the second production was under the auspices of the Ebell club of Oakland. In the cast will be Sadie Bowman Metcalfe, the dramatist; David Livingston Levy,

under whose direction the playlet is staged; Katherine Olden Easton and Ignacius Cunningham. Another feature of the entertainment will be the Spanish dances given under the direction of Miss Lottita Corella. Several musical numbers will be included in the evening's program.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason have returned from an extended European trip and are sojourning with Mr. Mason's mother, Mrs. George Mason of Adams street and Grand avenue.

Of interest to many friends was the wedding recently of Miss Alma Pratt, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Pratt of 114 East Thirty-first street, to Mr. P. L. Martin. The bride is the granddaughter of Sir Benjamin Alsop. A reception will be given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Martin in the near future by the former's mother, Mrs. George Lamy of 1660 West Twenty-fifth street.

Announcement is made, by Mrs. Mayme Goodrich of 2190 West Thirtieth street of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ethel, to Mr. T. Harold Ostrom. The wedding will take place in the latter part of this month.

Friends of Miss Virginia Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gail Johnson of Westlake avenue, will be pleased to learn of her complete recovery from a serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowe Sanderson of 3076 Leeward street are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter. Mrs. Sanderson was Miss Carrie Bogart, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Bogart of this city.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mabel Brown and Mr. Samuel P. Morse. Date for the wedding has been set for June 30.

Miss Florence Osborne of 3705 Raymond avenue will be hostess this afternoon at an informal affair given for the members of the Students' Musical Club. Miss Osborne is entertaining as a house guest, Miss Myra Rise, who arrived here this week, for a visit at the Osborne home.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dillon are now occupying their new residence on Commonwealth avenue and Fifth street. Mrs. Dillon and Miss Dillon will be at home Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Robinson left the earlier part of the week for Memphis, Tenn., where they will visit with their daughter, Mrs. C. H. Taylor. Another of their daughters, Miss Jane Robinson, will leave soon for Seattle, where she will be the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Robinson Jr.

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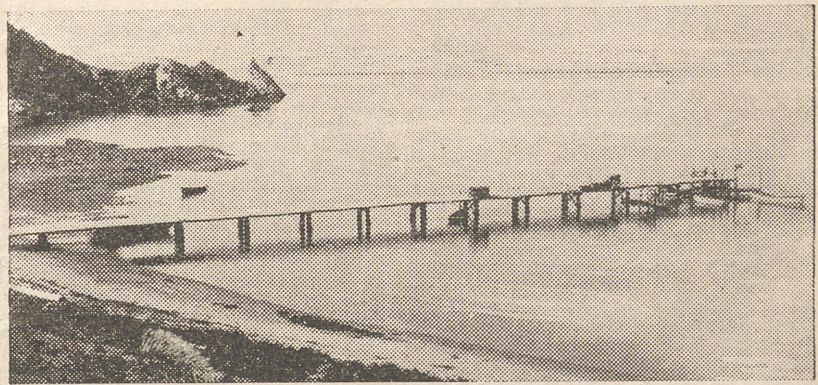
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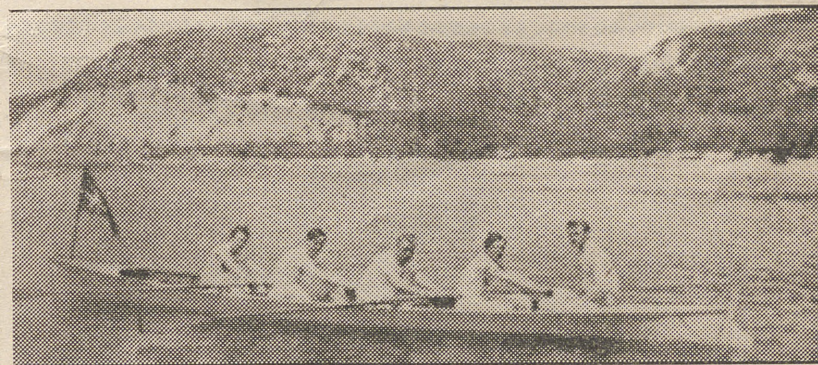
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It was a much more matured Ethel Barrymore that faced the splendid audience gathered to welcome this general favorite at the Mason last Monday night than her admirers were wont to know. To be frank, the charming actress appeals with greater force to the intellectuals in Mr. Maugham's "Lady Frederick" than in previous characters with which her personality has been associated. She has acquired repose, more subtleties of her art, added graces of manner that are of distinct advantage in portraying so consummate a woman of the upper world as the Irish baroness. Lady Frederick has a past which, however, is by no means of so doubtful a hue as the gossip concerning the dashing widow would indicate. Possessed of many noble qualities of heart and mind, she proves she is not a designing adventuress by declining the offer of marriage made by young Lord Mereston, nephew of a former admirer, scornfully rejecting the mercenary advances of a millionaire parvenu who would climb into

signing herself to the arms of the one man best calculated to make her happy, the effect is wholly satisfactory and in every way captivating.

Naturally and artistically Bruce McRae develops the character of the bachelor uncle who has been summoned to Monte Carlo from London to help his sister circumvent the machinations of the woman who has his nephew in the toils. He doesn't obtrude the knowledge of the world he has gained; he fences with his old love with delicate skill and gracefully allows his inevitable fate to overtake him. His bonhomie, his sense of humor, his love of fair play are capably portrayed and lend marked charm to the presentation as a whole. For the Gerald O'Mara of Charles Hammond (brother of Lady Frederick) little can be said: only in the absurd discussion with his fiancée, Rose Carlisle (Vira Stowe), daughter of the admiral, as to which college their future son and heir shall enter, Trinity or Oxford, is much life injected into the part; otherwise it lacks individuality.

In like manner the Lord Mereston of Norman Tharp is inclined to be colorless, save for the well-defined scene in the dressing room of Lady Frederick, where his youthful love is congealed by the evidences, purposely presented, of the apparent artificiality of the woman who so cleverly reveals her ten or fifteen years wear-and-tear seniority. His



JOHN DREW, AS "JACK STRAW," AT THE MASON NEXT WEEK

society over her fair shoulders, and negating the bluff proposal of a retired admiral whose motherless daughter is engaged to Lady Frederick's younger brother. After two hours of delightful uncertainty, she ends the suspense by accepting the renewed proffers of Paradine Fouldes, uncle of Lord Mereston and brother of the woman who has tried unsuccessfully to poison the minds of brother and son against her.

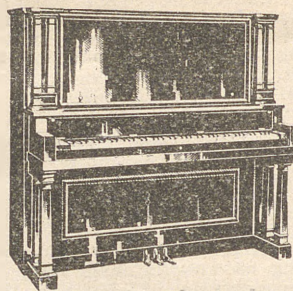
It is not an intricate plot that is presented, nor is the play other than it purports to be, a social comedy, but it is replete with scintillant lines of an aphoristic nature, is clean and wholesome, introduces a number of well-drawn characters and is in the hands of a most capable company. Miss Barrymore is never disappointing. Whether she is exchanging brilliant repartee with her old flame, Paradine Fouldes, admirably interpreted by Bruce McRae, mollifying her importunate dressmaker, mercilessly snubbing the cad, Captain Montgomerie, giving Lady Mereston her tit for tat, sacrificing to the flames the foolish letters entrusted to her care that would have blackened the memory of Lady Mereston's revered and dead spouse, discounging young Lord Mereston's love by revealing her dependence on the toilet accessories for her facial blooms, or with half laughter, half tears, re-

changing expression, his attitude of mind as the discoveries gradually eat into his soul are cleverly depicted. Jessie Milward's study of Lady Mereston is an intelligent personation, as also is the Admiral Carlisle of Arthur Elliot, with his typical British cut of jib—suggesting the reigning sovereign. All the other characters are in adequate hands and the mounting of the play, while not lavish, is appropriate. The taste left by Mr. Maugham's initial play serves as an excellent appetizer for its successor, "Jack Straw," in which John Drew will shine next week.

S. T. C.

"Merely Mary Ann" at the Belasco

Zangwill's idyllic little romance of the back stairs, "Merely Mary Ann," never had a better interpreter in the name part than is being given by Florence Reed at the Belasco this week. Leading women have come and gone at this popular stock house, good, bad and indifferent, but not the best in the procession is to be mentioned in the same breath with the reigning favorite, whose altogether delightful, because wholly natural, work is winning for Miss Reed those deserved tributes which merit of a high class always commands. Her "slavey" of a London lodging house is as finished a study as the most captious critic could ask. A simple, guileless, trusting, loving

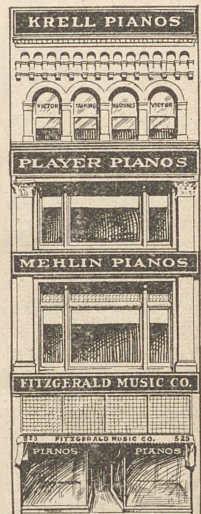


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Sat., June 5, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sun. A. M., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sun. P. M., 2:30, Chutes Park. June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, Los Angeles vs. Vernon. Sun. and Tues. at Vernon Ball Park. Wed., Thurs., Frid., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes. Kid day Sat. Ladies Free every day except Saturdays and Sundays.

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country girl, the drudge of the city house and butt of an exacting mistress and pert daughter, not the most onerous tasks, not the severest impositions on her obliging disposition can ruffle her spirits or spoil her rich nature. The music of the proud young composer, who would starve rather than play to the groundlings, is entrancing to the poor little slavey who is a poet at heart. She worships him as she waits upon him and accepts his kisses with an upturned face that reflects no sense of wrong doing.

When the time comes for him to leave, she is willing to follow him and serve in the same menial capacity, nor sees the menace to her innocence which the young musician offers. But his better nature prevails and when news comes that a runaway elder brother in far-off America, has died and left her a fortune, he renounces the unexpected heiress and is inspired by her faith and goodness to higher and better things. After five years

he finds that Mary Ann has a soul for music, his music, he is touched and his loneliness reaches out to the little drudge who hides her red hands in gloves at his request whenever her duties call her to his room. At their parting she leaves him her sole treasure, Dick, a canary bird; in exchange, she carries off the cheap gloves he has bought her. Then, with tears, the poor creatures separate, to fulfill what destiny has in store for them.

While the interest naturally centers in the two characters presented, there are several subsidiary roles that are most intelligently interpreted. The Mrs. Leadbatter of Ida Lewis is an amusing sketch, given with great fidelity and spontaneity. Rosie, her daughter, is cleverly portrayed by Beatrice Noyes, whose best work seems to be elicited in soubrette parts of this nature. A brief bit by Charles Rugles as O'Gorman, a Sunday journalist, who falls up stairs, is capitally done. DeWitt C. Jennings mars his Peter



MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, IN "SALVATION NELL," AT AUDITORIUM

they meet again. He has won fame as a composer, she has studied assiduously to fit herself for her more elevated position in the world, her natural instincts greatly assisting. Lancelot, who has long mourned her, finds his old regard intensified a thousand-fold and as soon as he discovers her identity offers marriage. But she tells him Marion, the heiress, cannot love him in return and he is in despair. Then she flits away and presently reappears in the old Mary Ann cap and apron livery, with the lovelight in her eyes. Then, in the prettiest way imaginable, she resigns herself to his embraces and every man in the audience envies Lancelot prodigiously.

Lewis Stone, as the young musician with ideals, which he refuses to yield in spite of pressing poverty, gives a convincing portrait. His fits of temper, his bursts of passion because of the low, popular tastes which prefer rag time ballads to his classic compositions, are admirably depicted. When

by a constant tripping in his lines, otherwise it is a good piece of work. The minor parts assigned to Louis F. Morrison, James K. Applebee, Richard Vivian, Jessie Norman, Nellie McDonald, Adele Farrington, Grace Gardner, Fay Bainter and Louise Fisher are satisfactorily filled. It is a pleasure to find the early predictions concerning Miss Reed's talents so signally confirmed. S. T. C.

Kolb and Dill's Latest, at the Majestic "Weiner and Schnitzel" is not up to the standard Kolb and Dill have set themselves, but nevertheless it extracts the laughs in a fashion that keeps the house in a roar. The long and short comedians have the happy faculty of perceiving just when the usefulness of a joke is outlived, which helps to keep the fun fast and furious. Little Olga Stech, as cool and as good to look upon as a peach sundae on a

(Continued on page 15)

Morosco's Burbank Theater

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Regular matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.
To Follow: "THE SUNNY SIDE OF BROADWAY."

Mason Opera House

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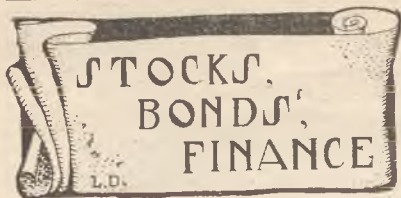
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Union Oil has been the star performer on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, the shares having been marked up, through shrewd manipulation, from \$101.50 to \$105 in less than six days. As this report is being written the stock again is predicted as being in line for \$110, prophesied for it early in the new year. As usual, the public, which declined to profit by the advice offered in this column to acquire the stock when it was hovering around par a few days ago, could not eat up the shares fast enough when they reached the top notch price in the middle of the week. A strange feature of the Union movement at this time has been the apparent absence of anything like similar bull support for either Union Provident or United Petroleum, the two Stewart issues usually a point below and one above, respectively, the quotation for the better known of the trio of securities mentioned.

With the exception of Union the other oils appear to be anchored in soft ground, with market conditions generally, however, in better shape than they have been in some time. Fullerton is firm above 110. It begins to look as if the market had turned the corner in earnest and that from now on the demand for investment securities known to this field, where banking approval is behind them, will be brisker and with firmer prices than have been known since the late financial distrust first began to assert itself.

Bonds also have begun to strengthen with bid quotations firm and inquiries distributed over a wide range.

Bank stocks continue in demand, with First National for the time somewhat quiet, while Citizens National, Southern Trust, F. & M. National, American, Merchants National, Security and German American Savings are wanted in large blocks. Central National, for a time a drug on the market, recently has been sought assiduously. The stock really is among the best buys in the market at present prices, and it should be due for a substantial rise almost any time.

L. A. Home pfd. again has assumed an air of listlessness; the common can be sold in large chunks, at least half a point higher than the bid price of last report. None of the other home phones shows anything like substantial strength, although at least one of these issues that has not been a dividend payer for two years is about ready again to get into that particular class.

Associated Oil bonds are weaker, with the stock a trifle harder than it has been recently, although the shares, not being duly supported, usually flounder around in the price current whenever a large block of the stock comes into the market. At that, Associated should be something of a purchase at this time if the shares ever are to have real investment value blown into them.

Money continues more plentiful than ever, with rates still showing a downward tendency.

Banks and Banking

Los Angeles has been chosen as the next meeting place of the California State Bankers Association and this choice doubtless will be ratified by the executive committee at a meeting to be held in December. The two days' session of the association, which convened in Del Monte the latter part of last week, was fraught with particular interest because of the new banking law which goes into effect the first of next month, and the consequent discussion among bankers and laymen of the workings of the measure. Among the most vital features of the convention was the opposition made to the establishment of postal savings banks, which it will be urged upon congress to defeat. Endorsement was given Governor Gillett's action in appointing former Lieutenant Governor Alden Anderson as state superintendent of banks, and it was urged that the monetary commission consider the organization of a central bank of discount as a preventative of disastrous culmina-

tions of periods of expansion. One of the strongest addresses of the session was that of Lieutenant-Governor Warren H. Porter, who made a point in urging the banks to go into politics in order to protect themselves against bad banking laws. In regard to the postal savings banks, Lovell White, president of the San Francisco Savings Union, strongly condemned the measure, stating that the postal banks would drive all the money into commercial centers to the injury of small towns and cities.

Newman Essick, cashier of the Commercial Bank of Los Angeles, read a paper on "Preventative Legislation," in which he graphically explained instances which prompted such legislation and how it should be enforced. He advocated the enactment in this state of five laws, either proposed or urged by the American Bankers Association of credit men, providing heavy punishment for the robbery of banks by the use of explosives; the limitation of the liability of the paying of forged checks; the dissemination of false and slanderous reports regarding the stability of a bank or banks; the compulsory recording of vendors' liens; and adequate punishment for the making of false statements in writing.

The only severe criticism made of the new bank act was in a resolution condemning the "drastic action of some of the members of the legislature in passing a law requiring the guaranteeing of deposits." Joseph D. Radford, vice-president of the German American Savings Bank of Los Angeles, was succeeded as president of the association by H. S. Fletcher, vice-president of the Bank of Watsonville, and W. H. High of San Francisco was elected vice-president of the association. In recognition of his past services as the executive officer, Mr. Radford was presented with a beautiful silver loving cup.

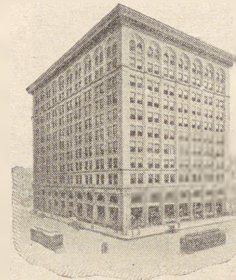
By a recent action of the United States comptroller of currency, directors of banking institutions will be compelled to keep in closer touch with their banks' affairs and their interest will necessarily be an actual and active one. Hereafter, at least four times a year, the directors of banks will receive from the comptroller of currency a document that submits a series of questions to which replies are desired. These questions are so framed that they will elicit facts concerning the director's personal knowledge of the doings of the bank and the details of its every-day operation. An attestation required gives the statement formed by the replies the nature of an oath. This prevents the directors from carrying their blanks down to the bank and having them filled out there by the officers who are in active control. In many instances the directors of institutions have placed too great confidence in the judgment and, in a few cases, the honesty of the officials directly in charge of the daily operations. Affairs which should have been the subject of careful inquiry, they have taken for granted, and through lapses of this kind many well-meaning but slothful directors have earned trouble for themselves. By this innovation, which will compel directors in the future actually to serve instead of acting as figureheads, the comptroller of currency provides a stronger safeguard for those who confide in banks as well as for the bankers themselves.

Arrangements are being made for the entertainment of the 125 representatives of the Texas State Bankers Association who will visit in Los Angeles from July 7 to 10. At a recent meeting of the Los Angeles Clearinghouse Association a committee of the following prominent local bankers was appointed to plan for the entertainment of the visitors: Messrs. Charles G. Greene, John Alton, R. I. Rogers, A. B. Jones, A. J. Waters, James B. Gist, E. W. Woods, O. M. Souden, H. F. Stewart, Charles H. Toll, J. D. Radford and Gen. Robert Wankowski. While no definite idea of entertainment has been announced, it is probable that a visit to Catalina will be included as a part of the "Seeing Southern California" itinerary.

Plans are made for the erection of another school building at Colegrove this summer. To provide funds for the proposed structure a special election will soon be called to vote bonds in the sum of \$18,000. The new building will be erected at the east end of district and improvements also will be made on the Vine street school.

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NO WASTE CIRCULATION

JUNE 5, 1909

At the Local Theaters

(Continued from Page 13)

hot night, is bewitching as Helen Holmes, and a daintier, more enjoyable bit of singing than her duet with Percy Bronson in the catchy song, "I Only Thought I'd Ask You," seldom is heard. The immaculate and handsome Bronson proceeds to gather in a few ready overpowered string of matinee adorers. Adele Rafter, stunningly adorned, has but two song numbers, of which her "Lazy Land" is the better. Of course, the chorus disports itself with its customary abandon and sings with far more telling effect than is usually achieved by such a body. The management would do well to inform the young woman who essays "Suwanee River" that she is not entering a vocal contest for trills and quivers and soulful expression, but is required to render a good old southern ballad in simple, homely style. The refreshing atmosphere of the Majestic Theater on a hot night is not the least attractive feature of the Kolb and Dill entertainments.

New Turns at the Orpheum

Among the new turns on the Orpheum bill Angela Dolores is easily the star in her "Cupid at Home." The sketch itself is rather lame and inane in its attempted satire, but Miss Dolores puts as much vivacity into it as is possible. La Valera, or Mrs. Horton Forrest Phipps, dances beautifully, with a grace that is peculiarly her own. But she must learn to abandon herself to a greater degree and occasionally to eliminate the frozen smile which displays her beautiful teeth. Her ability to dance is undoubted and her personal beauty is a large asset, so that she should experience no difficulty in making her act a classic of its kind. The Melnotte Twins and Clay Smith have a clean, funny little turn which mingles good dancing, acceptable singing and several harmless jokes. The girls are modestly and daintily gowned, which doesn't in the least interfere with good work. Frank Fogarty, the Dublin minstrel, returns in a replica of his former monologue. A feature of the bill which is not on the program is highly entertaining, however, and quite as evident as if it were emblazoned in letters a foot high. Heretofore, the bald head of Frankenstein, the orchestra leader, has been the cause of ribald mirth among Orpheumites and the subject of ill-timed jokes on the part of performers. But, lo! "Frank's" shining pate has been decorated with flowing raven locks which wave gracefully over his classic brow. 'Tis nothing more nor less than a toupee. Now Frank may sit in serene consciousness of his unmarred manly beauty while the spotlight plays hide and seek over his covered pate.

"In Harvard" at the Grand

With only an occasional interpolation of wit and that of mediocre quality, and with scarce a glimmering of a plot, the Murray & Mack production of "In Harvard" at the Grand Opera House this week is relieved from absolute inanity only by the attractive ensembles and a few catchy songs. If this week's bill at the Grand is a replica of the Rogers Brothers' famous laughing success, as advertised, then must it be that New Yorkers' risibles are most easily aroused, for the local production is so devoid of real humor as to be almost depressing, with an occasional irrational "ha-ha" emanating from the top gallery. However, it isn't the fault of Messrs. Murray and Mack, nor their supporting company that the play is not all it is claimed to be. With so inadequate a medium for their talents and their abundance of Irish brogue, the actors yet make heroic efforts to enliven the production. Miss Frances Holland Tait, a new member of the company, wins a goodly share of the applause in a catchy song. Murray and Mack and Miss Sutherland are accorded an encore for their singing of "The Poppy and the Pink." Miss Baldwin, with a gingery energy and a pleasing enthusiasm, gives "Naughty Eyes" in a manner which charms both the orchestra circles and those higher up. Other musical numbers help the play considerably. The

show girls are attractive factors and a certain spirit is injected by the pretty and frisky ponies.

"Under Two Flags" at the Burbank

Members of the Burbank stock company this week are giving a capital performance of Paul Potter's dramatization of Ouida's famous novel, "Under Two Flags." The story of the play is too well known both to theatergoers and novel readers to require a synopsis. With a goodly flavoring of melodrama, the five act play is replete with human interest, vital and stirring. The production is well staged, the scenic effects are excellent, especially the sand storm, in the midst of which Cigarette makes her escape from the Bedouins, and the production as a whole reflects credit upon the capable stock company. Blanche Hall as Cigarette, the daring heroine, gives a vivid interpretation of the role which may be readily included among her best. William Desmond as "Bertie" Cecil is convincing and handsome. Lovell Alice Taylor as Lady Venetia Lyonesse shares honors with Miss Hall, her conception of the character being both artistic and realistic. Byron Beasley makes a delightfully unscrupulous villain of the Marquis of Chateauroux. Harry Mestayer, with a make-up which would do credit to a Scotland Yard man, does a clever bit as Lord Rockingham. Henry Stockbridge as Rake is satisfactory, although the part offers little opportunity. Willis Marks, Frederick Gilbert, John W. Burton, Hale Studebaker, H. S. Duffield, William Verance and Margo Duffet do full credit to the minor roles assigned them.

Offerings Next Week

Mrs. Fiske's long-anticipated production of "Salvation Nell" will be seen at the Auditorium next week, beginning Monday night. This new drama, which was written by a young Harvard graduate a year or two out of his teens, made a great success in New York. Its story is entirely different from the love tale of modern days, as the plot deals with the submerged tenth and is a depiction of the brutality of a love, that is gradually purified until it has a firm, spiritual foundation. In the character of "Nell Sanders," Mrs. Fiske has one of the greatest roles of her varied career, and although it is totally different from any part she has previously created, she declares that she finds this storm-buffed girl of the slums one of the most congenial characters she has ever interpreted. Judging from the press notices of metropolitan critics, it would seem that theatergoers agree with her. The well-known Fiske dramatic organization will support the star, the production being identical with that given in New York.

John Drew, who comes to the Mason Opera House next week, will present "Jack Straw," a comedy by W. Somerset Maugham. Mr. Maugham also wrote "Lady Frederick," the play which Miss Ethel Barrymore has been presenting this week. "Jack Straw" lays no claims to subtlety nor problematic deductions, but is said to be an entertaining, thoroughly human comedy. The plot is light and airy, with a delicate mixture of satire and wit. The eccentric hero of the story makes his first appearance as a waiter in a false beard, which will present Mr. Drew in a role entirely new to his admirers. The supporting company includes Rose Coghlan, Miss Adelaide Prince, Helen Freeman, Edgar Davenport and Frank Goldsmith, as well as a number of others. The only matinee will be given Saturday afternoon.

For the coming week Manager Oliver Morosco announces a revival of "Secret Service" at the Burbank Theater, beginning with Sunday matinee. William Desmond will be seen in the role of Captain Thorne, Blanche Hall will play Caroline Mitford, the ingenue, and Lovell Alice Taylor will assume the straight lead of Edith Varnet, a part which will provide her with one of the strongest acting opportunities she has had at the Burbank. Miss Hall has long had a desire to play the role of Caroline, the part being what is known as an "ingenue lead," and her admirers expect her to achieve her usual success.

"Lonesome Town," most popular of all the Kolb and Dill comedies, will be revived by these laugh creators at the Majestic Theater the week beginning Sunday night, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The piece

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was played with success by Kolb and Dill in New York City, and ran two weeks when it was produced here last season. Ernest Van Pelt has been secured to play his old part of Hiram Diggs, constable of Watts, and the other members of the company will find congenial parts. There are eleven musical numbers, including the ever popular, "Gee, But This is a Lonesome Town," "When the Moon Plays Peek-a-boo," "Land of Nicotine," "Just Some One," and a number of others.

Only three acts remain of last week's Orpheum bill, so that five new ones are docketed to begin Monday matinee, June 7. Heading the list are the Russell Brothers, John and James, Irish female impersonators. They have a skit called "Our Servant Girls," which is a broad travesty on the household drudge—or boss. Flora Bonfanti Russell assists the brothers with a toe-dancing act. The Five Juggling Normans have a club-swinging act which is said to be unusual and artistic. The new playlet is "His Phantom Sweetheart," given by Frederick Allen, Bertha Van Norman and their company. The Avedano quartette will offer selections from the operatic and lighter fields, and Francis-Olloms is an eccentric performer who combines music with conjuring and acrobatic tricks. The holdovers are Angela Dolores and company, La Valera, and the Melnotte Twins and Clay Smith, with new motion pictures.

James A. Herne's familiar comedy drama, "Shore Acres," will be played next week by the Belasco Theater company. Louis Morrison will be given a chance to demonstrate his ability as a character actor in the part of Nathaniel Berry. DeWitt C. Jennings will play Martin Berry, and all of the Belasco staff members will be found in the cast. The week following, the Belasco company will offer for the first time in stock, Charles Klein's successful play, "The Lion and the Mouse."

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This play will serve to introduce Richard Bennett, who originated the role of Jefferson Ryder in the Klein drama.

Roger Brothers' play, "In Harvard," will be continued another week at the Grand Opera House. There will be a number of new musical numbers interpolated, however, and the matinee performance Sunday will serve to introduce Sara Edwards and Blossom Seeley, two new members of the Murray and Mack company. Miss Edwards was formerly leading woman with the "Red Feather" company, and will sing prima donna roles, while Blossom Seeley will replace Lily Sutherland as soubrette.

Asides

It is a much rejuvenated, renovated warmed-up auditorium which Colonel Wyatt reveals to Mason Opera House patrons this week. The foyer is well-lighted and redecorated in excellent taste, the chef d'oeuvre being a large fountain in the center with living water and real goldfish disporting therein. More and more frequenters of this attractive house of amusement indicate a desire to adopt the European custom of promenading between acts and exchanging social salutations. Owing to the liberality of space at the Mason this can be easily and delightfully done.

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